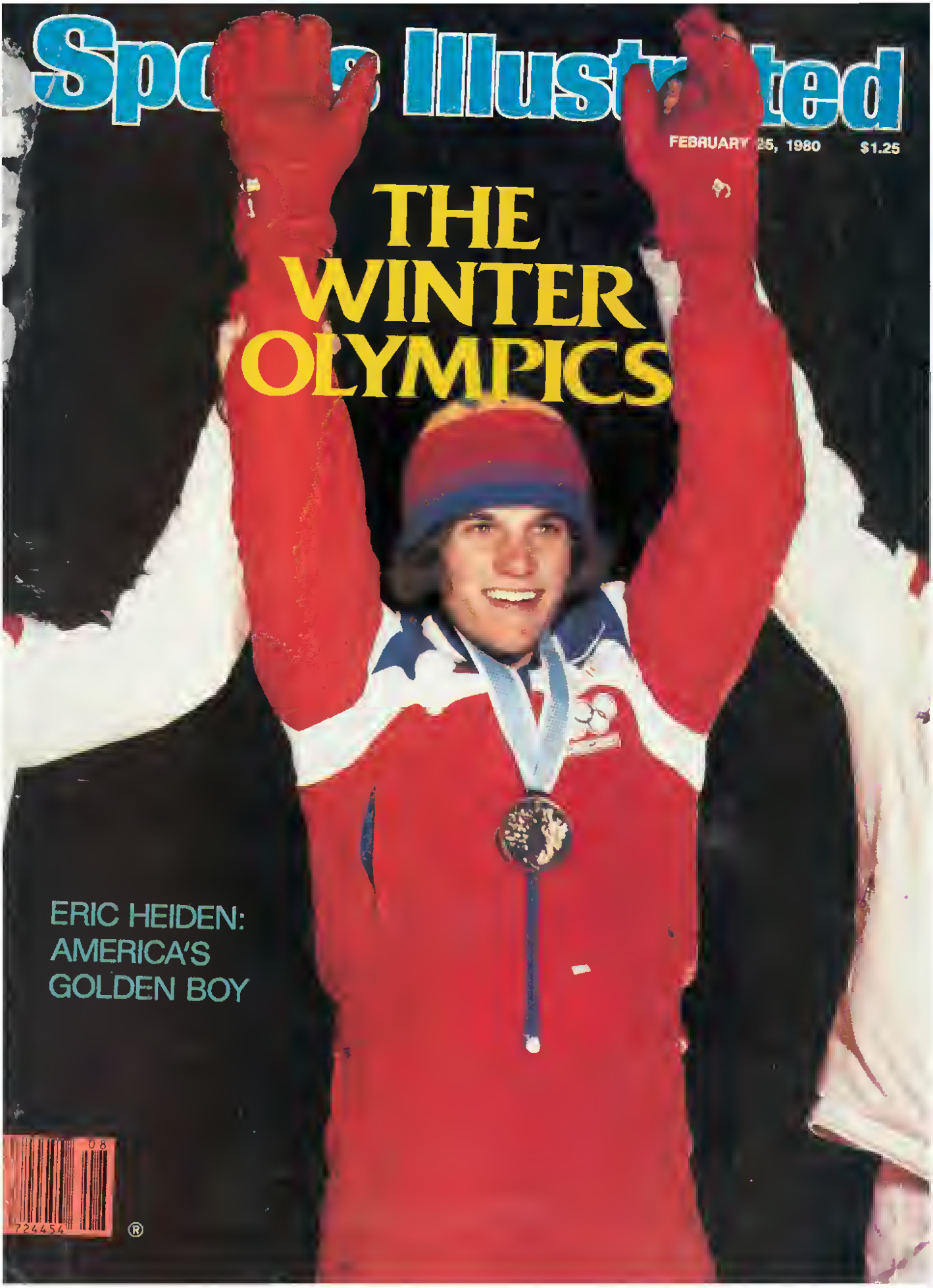

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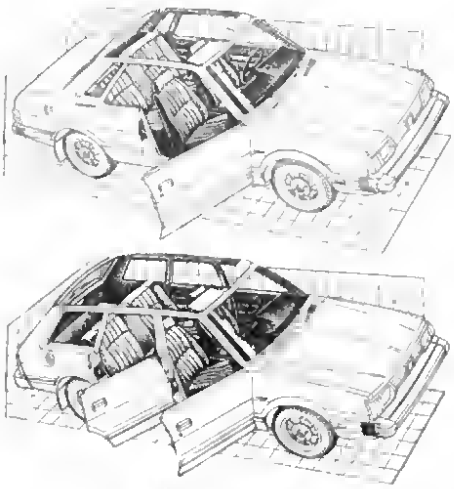
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MAY THE BEST TEAM WIN college basketball's national championship in March, but right now there's no telling which one it will be, such is the delicate balance of power. Curry Kirkpatrick explains why there is no dominant team this season

THE WINTER GAMES conclude, bringing the denouement of the suspense story in hockey as well as medals galore in both speed and figure skating, the slalom, giant slalom, and Nordic skiing events, and on the icy bob and luge runs

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



OUR TEAM IN LAKE PLACID: ANITA VERSCHOTH, E. M. SWIFT, LINDA MARSCH, BOB OTTUM AND WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

At the head of our troops in Lake Placid is the veteran SI writer and editor Bob Ottum, and for the first time in three Winter Olympics one of his troops is Ottum himself. After 10 years as a senior editor, assigning stories to, and editing the copy of, writers, he recently went back to the old Royal full time. While editing, Ottum felt he was "secretly still a writer." Secretly? You couldn't miss an occasional irrepressible Ottumism bubbling up through a piece of copy, to say nothing of the fact that the man was writing book after book—six at last count, four written while he was not being a writer. Editing was fulfilling, even fun sometimes, but "there was a growing restlessness," he says. "You realize that there are a lot of things you still want to say." And so, knotting another of his dashing bandannas around his throat and tugging on his warm, if ludicrous, moon boots, off he treks to still another Olympic venue.

Ottum, 54, joined SI in 1964, on St. Patrick's Day, to cover motor sports and winter sports in season and write personality pieces in between. In 1969 he became an editor, and his first assignment in the field was the world ski championships in Val Gardena, Italy. He has been our winter sports editor ever since, overseeing coverage of both the Sapporo (1972) and Innsbruck (1976) Winter Olympics before Lake Placid, as well as editing other sports such as boxing and sailing.

At Lake Placid, Ottum's corps includes William Oscar Johnson, E. M. Swift, Anita Verschoth, Linda Marsch and a team of six photographers. As a writer he is covering figure skating, bobsled and luge, and whatever else he can get his down-filled mittens on. The logistics of managing SI's lodgings and a marvelously beat-up old silver Airstream house trailer parked across from the Olympic Arena, from which much of the writers' copy is transmitted to our New York City offices, are complex, but then, Ottum has been down that road before.

He says, "There's nothing quite like being an editor in the field, where you have a staff that is always harried—and often stranded in snowbanks. You have to be housemother, sidewalk psychiatrist, camp counselor, dispenser of advice and aspirin—and coffee maker in the morning."

As generally happens when one rents quarters normally inhabited by others, some members of the staff drew the kids' bedrooms and have been hunched over writing stories on toy desks and sleeping in what seem to be toy beds. The 131-pound Ottum does not require a Papa Bear-size bed, but he does usually put away three squares—except at Olympic time. "I lost eight pounds at Innsbruck four years ago because of nervous tension," he says. "I'm a cinch to break that record this time around."

On the basis of this week's Olympic coverage, however, we can honestly say that Ottum's loss is our gain.

Peter D. Sutton



Be there!

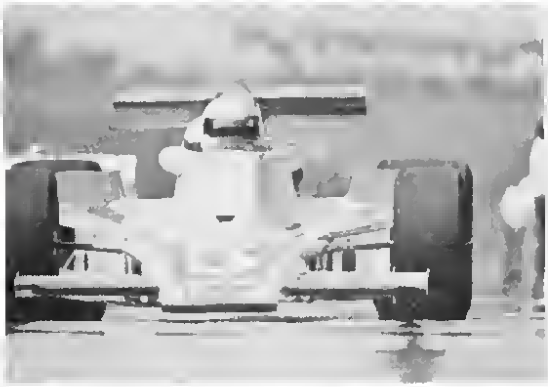
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U.S. GOVERNMENT REPORT: CARLTON LOWEST.

Carlton claim confirmed.

Many cigarettes are using national advertising to identify themselves as "low tar." Consumers, however, should find out just how low these brands are—or aren't. Based on U.S. Government Report,

Box or Menthol:

18 Carltons have less tar than one Kent.

20 Carltons have less tar than one Kool Milds.

19 Carltons have less tar than one Marlboro Lights.

13 Carltons have less tar than one Merit.

17 Carltons have less tar than one Vantage.

22 Carltons have less tar than one Winston Lights.

The tar and nicotine content per cigarette of selected brands is:

	tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool Milds	13	0.8
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	14	1.1

		tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Carlton Soft Pack		1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than	1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than	0.5	0.05

This same report confirms of all brands, Carlton Box to be lowest with less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine.



LOWEST... Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine. Soft Pack and Menthol 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '79

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

VIEWPOINT

by KEN RUDEEN

THEY ARE THE ICY TIMES THAT TRY THE SOULS OF STOUTHEARTED BIKERIDERS

Bicyists in New York City enjoy a gift from on high—Central Park, that great green horizontal oasis in a gray vertical landscape Cycling in winter in New York is sustained by that gift; it's just colder out there. Which is why I could use a valet these days.

In order to catch an hour's ride in the park three to four mornings a week, I rise at 6:30, brew a cup of instant coffee, dress and clunk down two narrow flights of stairs in my East Side apartment building, taking care not to trip and pitch headlong down the steps, or to bruise the bike, which I carry on a shoulder, against the wall (I have pitched *up* the stairs a couple of times, with slight damage.)

But it's the "dress" part that's tough When the temperature drops below 30° I go into my knight-meets-day routine. I put on, in order: Jockey shorts; long johns; a fishnet T shirt; a heavy turtleneck, a wool sweater, wool bike shorts; heavy ski socks; wool leg warmers; biking shoes (with some of the Swiss-cheesing, nice for hot-weather ventilation but drafty in winter, taped over and thermal insoles inserted); another pair of ski socks, with cutouts for the cleats, over the shoes; windbreaking nylon bootees over all that; a down vest, a light outer parka; a watch cap; a Bell helmet, which perches ludicrously above the watch cap, a pair of wool glove liners; and, finally, heavy rag wool gloves with leather palms

Once on the street, climbing onto the bike with all the grace of a knight in rusty armor, I long for one of those hoists that knights used, just as, upstairs, I had wished for assistance in layering up Not for the putting on, mind you, but for being sure to get the sequence straight When you think you're ready and look down and see long johns instead of leg warmers, you know you have to take off bootees, shoes and outer socks and put on leg warmers, etc., etc.

If any item is forgotten, incipient frostbite is the penalty. This is especially grievous if it occurs in the form of "frozen crotch." Omit the undershorts on a 21° morning, as I did the other day, and after 10 miles or so one has the winter equivalent of what males with cheap bike saddles often get regardless of the weather—a feeling that something down there has said *sayonara* Only in winter the condition is more painful, if no more jarring psychologically.

The streets leading to the park tend to be minefields of broken glass The automatic streetsweepers the city uses, which tend to redistribute trash rather than pick it up, occasionally arrange the shards in neat six-inch strips six feet out from the curb Cost so far this winter: one irreparable flat tire But there are sights to be seen—for example, the guy who bivouacked from Christmas to mid-January with a three-speed, a sleeping bag, an umbrella and a tarp against what I take to be a ventilation duct of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

And the park at dawn is the antithesis of big-city clangor: the roads are smooth, the dogs, praise be, do not chase bikes (to my shame, *I* ran into a dog in the park. "Got to watch out for those damn bikes," he must have thought), and there can be moments of splendor—as when the sun climbs between the towers of the Pierre and Sherry Netherland hotels like an immense celestial searchlight **END**

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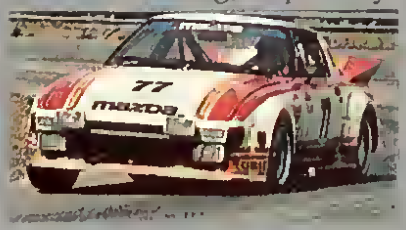
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

"AS BAD AS ANYTHING THAT'S EVER COME ALONG"

Since the University of New Mexico's athletic scandal erupted last December, school officials have forfeited one basketball and six football victories, declared nine athletes ineligible and fired their flamboyant basketball coach, Norm Ellenberger. Last week a federal grand jury in Albuquerque indicted Ellenberger and a former assistant, John Whisenant, on multiple counts of fraud relating to the alleged doctoring of academic transcripts and, in the case of Ellenberger, one count of racketeering arising out of an alleged bribery scheme. U.S. District Attorney R. E. Thompson said it was anticipated that another ex-Lobo assistant, Manny Goldstein, and an Albuquerque printer, William Blackstad, would plead guilty to unspecified felony charges.

The grand jury accused Ellenberger of plotting with Whisenant and Goldstein to use the telephone and the U.S. mails to provide phony transfer credits to two Lobo players with eligibility problems, Andre Logan and Craig Gilbert. The indictment said that the scheme involved counterfeiting transcripts from New Jersey's Mercer County Community College. Ellenberger also was accused of sending Goldstein to Los Angeles for the purpose of bribing "employees" of Oxnard College, which Gilbert had attended before transferring to New Mexico. All this, the indictment said, constituted an attempt to defraud the NCAA, the Western Athletic Conference and New Mexico's admissions office concerning the eligibility of the two players.

Significantly, most of the activities covered by the indictment also violate NCAA rules, but that organization's investigators lack the power to subpoena witnesses. It has therefore fallen largely to the FBI and local police to investigate evidence of academic improprieties as well as reports of slush funds, illegal kickbacks and links between New Mexico's athletic program and big-time gambling. As a result, one FBI agent working on the New Mexico case says, "We are doing what the NCAA is supposed to do."

Somebody had better do something. As the New Mexico situation suggests, the pressures on college coaches to win are so enormous that they are encouraged to recruit academically deficient athletes, then go to disturbing lengths to make them eligible. In addition to abuses involving transfer credits, extraordinary things are done with "independent study." For example, a former University of Oregon football player, Derrick Dale, earned instant eligibility in 1978 by "taking," as independent study, a jogging course at nearby Lane Community College; he was credited for running he had done in football practice. And the New Mexico case has brought to light—as has the scandal at Arizona State—improprieties involving extension courses that many small colleges offer as a means of producing sorely needed revenue.

The most alarming revelations to date involve extension courses offered in the Los Angeles area by Montana's Rocky Mountain College and Kansas' Ottawa University. So far 30 athletes who allegedly received bogus credits from either of those two schools have been declared ineligible at eight universities—Arizona State, New Mexico, Oregon, Oregon State, Utah, San Jose State, Purdue and California Polytechnic-Pomona. But credits from extension courses offered by other small colleges are also under suspicion. The wide-ranging nature of the scandal suggests the existence of a grapevine for the benefit of coaches and counselors who need to conjure up credits for academically sub-par athletes. An assistant football coach at a second-division Pac-10 school recently told SI's John Papanek, "I've got to get top kids. Eligibility? Hey, there's nothing to keeping a kid eligible, and there isn't a coach in America who doesn't know that."

As it happens, many college athletic administrators are active in the extension-course business. For example, Bob Owens, a former Arizona State assistant football coach who served as interim coach following the firing last fall of Frank Kush, has for several years been president of American Education Enterprises, Inc. of California, which operates extension courses at a number of locations. For these purposes he invokes his real name and his doctorate and is known as Dr. Royce Owens. When several Arizona State football players experienced eligibility difficulties last year, however, it was another assistant coach who dealt with the problem. He phoned John Hardy, an academic counselor at Pasadena (Calif.) City College, who suggested a course at Rocky Mountain College—for which the Arizona State players wound up receiving credit without attending class. When Rocky Mountain officials later checked registration forms, they found that the home address given for some of the Arizona State athletes was Hardy's address in Altadena, Calif.

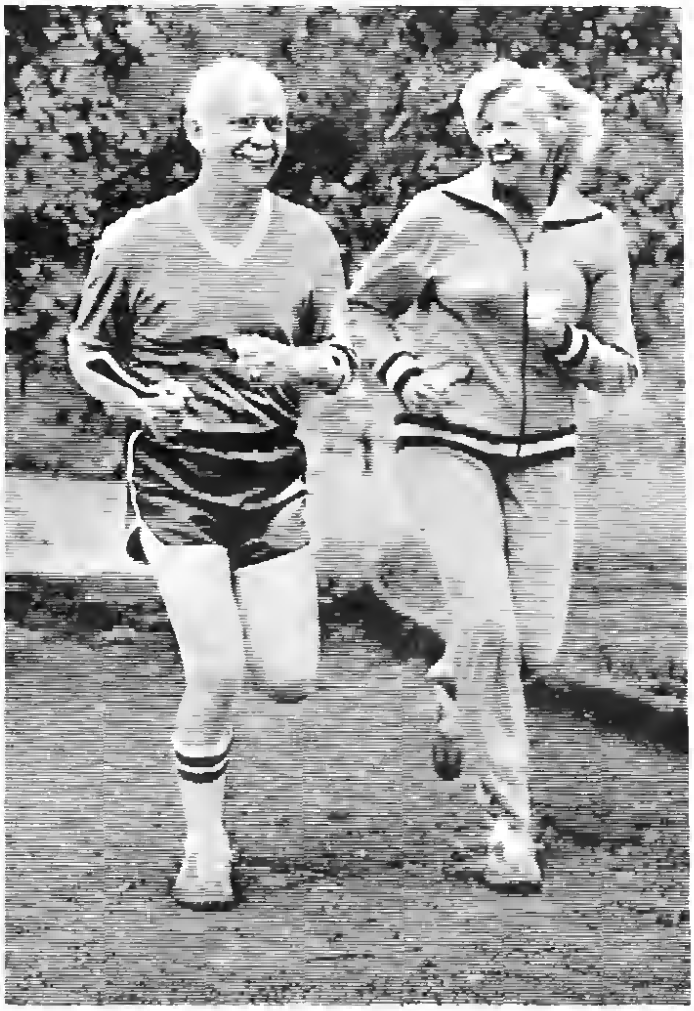
Hardy denies any wrongdoing. Dr. Fred Miller, who was fired last month as Arizona State's athletic director, prefers to blame transcript irregularities on the intercollegiate athletic "system." This, he says, "does not invite cheating, it demands it." As though to bear him out, there were signs last week that the academic-credit scandal might be touching yet another Pac-10 campus. UCLA officials confirmed that they were investigating the possibility that former Bruin football players had received transfer credit on bogus transcripts from Los Angeles Valley College.

As such incidents proliferate, little if anything is being done about the factors—including ever bigger arenas and stadiums, and ever more zealous boosters—that encourage excess. The result is a widening collegiate sports scandal that Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham says is probably already "as bad as anything that has ever come along." Canham is not overstating the issue. The epidemic of transcript abuses is threatening not only intercollegiate athletics but also the academic integrity of a growing number of American universities.

CONTINUED

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GOODYEAR

Out front. Pulling away.

NINE IS FINE

At its annual meeting in Sarasota, Fla. this week, the United States Tennis Association will consider a proposal to kill off, so to speak, sudden death. The proposal would abolish the nine-point tie-breaker used when a set reaches 6–6, and require that the 12-point system be in force at such USTA-sanctioned events as the Amateur Indoor Championships. The 12-point system, which involves bewildering, if equitable, changes of service and also mandates that victories be achieved by margins of at least two points, is used by the men professionals, but virtually everyone else plays the nine-point tie-breaker—women pros, high schoolers, collegians, club members. Under the nine-point setup, whoever serves the ninth point enjoys a slight advantage, which is why the male pros say they are against it. But the nine-pointer is more exciting and certainly less complicated.

"What I like about the nine-point," says Bill Talbert, "is that it brings about a definite finish. Most sports have one. It's exciting. Theoretically, the 12-point could go on forever." And Gardnar Mulloy, now a teaching pro in Florida, says, "A lot of people see the 12-point on television and don't understand it." That sometimes goes for players and umpires, too. A couple of years ago a ballboy became one of the heroes of the U.S. Open when he interrupted play during a 12-point tie-breaker just as the wrong player was about to serve, a mistake neither the umpire nor the thoroughly flummoxed competitors seemed to notice.

For what it's worth, here's one vote for sudden death.

SMALL, BUT OH MY!

Kentucky and Indiana are hotbeds of high school basketball, and Bill Harrell has the distinction of having coached teams to championships in both states. What's more, he has done so with the considerable and improbable assistance of a succession of talented 5′ 9″ guards. When Harrell's Shelby County team won the Kentucky high school title in 1966, one of his starters was 5′ 9″ Bill Busey, who later played for Adolph Rupp's Kentucky Wildcats. Now at perennial Indiana powerhouse Muncie Central, Harrell has won the last two state championships with the assistance of not one, but two 5′ 9″ sensations.

The first was Jack Moore, who led Central's Bearcats to the 1978 state championship before enrolling at Nebraska, where he is averaging 14.2 points a game as a sophomore for the surprising (16–10) Cornhuskers. The other was Ray McCallum, who succeeded Moore as Central's point guard last season, led the school to another state title and is now a freshman at Ball State, where he is averaging a team-leading 16.3 points. As a guard at Kentucky Wesleyan in the early 1950s, Harrell also was 5′ 9″, but, he jokes, that was before "I got to eat three squares a day." He now stands 6′, making him a towering figure next to Busey, Moore and McCallum.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS

Every year since 1952 the same four Boston-area schools had met in the big Beanpot Hockey Tournament, and every year Northeastern University's Huskies had gone home disappointed. While Boston University was winning 11 Beanpot championships, Boston College nine and Harvard seven, poor Northeastern not only took nary a title but also had the dubious distinction of finishing last in 18 of the 27 annual tournaments, winning, in the process, just nine of 54 games. If some team in the Beanpot won a 9–0 laugher, or if some player scored a record four goals in a single period, you could be sure the hapless Huskies were the victims.

Last week Northeastern finally won its first Beanpot. After upsetting Boston University 6–5 at 5:09 in overtime in the opening round, the Huskies, who had entered the tournament with a 3–11 record, moved into the finals against mighty Boston College, which sported a 19–4–1 mark and was No. 1 in the East and third-ranked nationally. Playing on sheer emotion before a sellout crowd of 14,456 in Boston Garden, Northeastern somehow stayed even until, at 2:47 in overtime, Center Wayne Turner scored, giving the Huskies a 5–4 victory and touching off the wildest celebration seen at a hockey game in the Garden since 1970, when Bobby Orr's overtime goal against St. Louis won the Stanley Cup for the Bruins.

Next day members of Northeastern's athletic department answered the phone with "Home of the Beanpot champions," and visitors stopped by to touch the Cup—a silver beanpot—in wonderment. There was a run on Northeastern hockey T shirts at the campus bookstore, which celebrated by reducing the price of every clothing item by $2. Coach Fern Flaman meanwhile revealed that he had given his team a pep talk just before the start of the third period, at which point the score was 3–3. "I had a Husky dog, and it was a beautiful, strong animal," Flaman said. "I told them a Husky is a dog that has a bloodline that's always survived the wilderness."

WATCH OUT BELOW

The dominance of U.S. college track by Africans was reaffirmed last fall when Henry Rono, Washington State's accomplished distance man, won his third NCAA cross-country championship. Rono was one of six Kenyans who placed among the top 13 in that race. All told, 12 of the first 38 runners were from Kenya.

One thing about the Kenyans and other African runners who do well in the U.S. is that they tend to be older than native collegians; Rono, for example, is 28. Now, though, there's a Kenyan moving fast on the high school level. Barasa Thomas, a member of the Kalenjin tribe, as were former world-record holders Kip Keino and Ben Jipcho, won California's Southern Sectional Class 4-A cross-country title in November and more recently finished second to Brent Steiner of Overland Park, Kans. in a national high school cross-country championship in San Diego. Last month he was runner-up in the boys' 1,500-meter division at the Mubammad Ali Invitational final in Long Beach, Calif., with a clocking of 3:59.16. Thomas is just three months past his 17th birthday.

Since coming to the U.S. in 1978, Thomas has been living with a family in Santa Barbara, where he is now a junior in high school. And where he no doubt will be getting acquainted with a goodly number of American college track coaches.

THEY SAID IT

• Vernon Holland, Cincinnati Bengal tackle, recounting a dream in which he had been traded: "I don't know who got me. I dream in black and white, so I couldn't tell what color the suits were."

• Don Criqui, NBC announcer: "Lee Trevino doesn't want to talk about his back operation. That's all behind him."

• Mike Owens, teammate of the University of Virginia's 7′ 4″ Ralph Sampson: "People keep coming up to Ralph and asking him if he's Ralph Sampson. I mean, who else could he be?" **END**

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 25, 1980



WHOOSH! IT'S THE



GOLD RUSH

Like a luga racing down Mount Van Hoevenberg's eerily glistening run, the Winter Olympics roared into frigid Leke Placid, giving rise to cheers, fears and teers—plus, sadly, more then e few jeers

CONTINUED



Kerr ran in with the fire, slogged out in the mud

continued

TRIUMPH AND TRAVESTY

The Games were great, but the buses were a bust and the organizers ornery

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

Perhaps the epitome of all that was to happen in the first week of Winter Olympiad XIII occurred an hour or so after the Games had officially begun. As the world had watched via TV, the torchbearer had loped around Opening Ceremonies Stadium, holding high the sacred Olympic flame. Then in the long-anticipated climax of the ceremonies, he had dipped his torch, igniting the great bowl, and stood at attention as, all ablaze, it ascended, much like one of those outside elevators in a Hyatt Regency. The 23,000 spectators in the stadium had broken into a prolonged cheer, and the torchbearer, Charles Kerr, 45, a psychiatrist from Tucson, would recall that at this undeniably thrilling moment he had been "nervous, but it was a good nervousness, a definite high."

An hour later in the falling dusk, the world was no longer watching, and Kerr was no longer quite so high. Along with thousands of grim, chilled spectators, he trudged along the side of a traffic-choked road back to the village of Lake Placid, the extinguished torch still clutched in his hand. After a mile or so, a local policeman recognized the man slogging through the cold mud as the torchbearer who had brought the sacred fire on its last few feet from Olympia, Greece to upstate New York. The cop invited Kerr into his squad car. There they sat out the first of what were to be countless massive transportation snarls that would all but strangle human movement in and around Lake Placid—except for the deeds and derring-do of the Olympic athletes themselves

Thus was established the early pattern for the first—and conceivably the last—Olympics of the '80s. As a rule, the actual sporting events went off with class and efficiency, while anything—*anything*—that fell outside the realm of athletic endeavor seemed to wind up as a nightmare, a tragedy or a sick joke.

To accentuate the positive: most athletes were nearly euphoric over the treatment they received in Lake Placid. In contrast to the plight of spectators, they were whisked from Olympic Village to venue and back again with speed and comfort. Even the incipient prison that is the Village drew rave reviews from most of its occupants. Despite last year's complaints by various national Olympic committees over the tiny cells and bleak institutional atmosphere of the lodgings, once the 1,400 athletes had actually moved in, everyone was happy. The hit of the Village was a psychedelic room full of blinking electronic game machines, which could make Lake Placid live in memory as the Pinball Olympics. And even the French and the Swiss said that the food was at least passing good.

Though the Adirondack peaks were only lightly dusted with snow when the Games began, the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee had produced tons upon tons of man-made snow that not only allowed every outdoor event to be held, but also actually produced a swift and solid surface that made the Alpine skiing all the better. Then more tons of God's own stuff fell almost daily, smothering the region in a blanket of white that produced picture-postcard beauty without causing any notable snow snafus on the roads. All this was to the good, and if the Games had been able to isolate themselves from everything except

Fans stood in line for hours, shivering in the brut



athletics and esthetics, they might have gained recognition as one of the purest Olympics of all—a glistening festival in which superb athletes performed their feats in superb surroundings.

Alas, this was not to be. As Ed Lewi, press chief of the Games and an Albany public-relations man in real life, said last Thursday to an infuriated band of journalists, "We never did say we were putting on the Olympic Games for spectators or for the press. We said the athletes would be No. 1 and everyone else would be No. 2." Never in the history of arithmetic was a No. 2 more widely separated from a No. 1. The horror stories of No. 2 multiplied through the week until at times it seemed as if there was nothing to talk about in this otherwordly hamlet except tales of heartbreak and huddled masses.

The breakdown in bus transportation produced innumerable scenes from a Siberian nightmare, with thousands of seething, shivering people stranded in wintry parking lots, miles from any habitation, help or hope. Occasionally, even No. 1 got sucked into this morass. After the opening ceremonies, the three most notable Americans at the Games—Eric Heiden and the ill-fated Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner—wound up together in a teeming parking lot. Because they couldn't locate the American team bus, the threesome began walking back to Lake Placid with the crowds. After a



Doggone, you can't get much lower than this

old, waiting for buses that often never showed up



while Heiden waved down an official LPOOC van and asked the driver if he and his companions could have a ride. The driver took one look at this famous trio, all dressed in their U.S. team uniforms of cowboy hats and sheepskin jackets, and slammed the door, saying that no one but LPOOC officials were allowed to ride in his van.

By week's end, New York Governor Hugh Carey was forced to declare a limited state of emergency, because the bus system had broken down so badly that the lives of those waiting in line for rides were in danger.

Lord Killanin, the usually jovial and imperturbable president of the International Olympic Committee, reprimanded the LPOOC for the way it bungled the first medals-award ceremony on Thursday night. This modest affair was held on Mirror Lake in the middle of the village of Lake Placid. Several thousand spectators swarmed onto the lake, and the ice gave out a few ominous rifle-shot cracks, sending several hundred people scrambling back to shore. The ice held, but the LPOOC had forgotten to notify Soviet 30-kilometer cross-country skiing medalists Nikolai Zimyatov and Vasily Rochev and Bulgarian medalist Ivan Lebanov as to the location of the ceremony,



Old Glory warmed up U.S. hearts—and knees

and they did not appear. There were no flags because there were no flagpoles. Lord Killanin dropped a silver medal in the snow and had to fish around for several seconds to find it.

Tempers shortened as one such embarrassment piled upon another. During a typically tantrum-filled meeting over transporation foul-ups, the Rev. J. Bernard Fell, president of the LPOOC, shouted that maybe it was time to ban all spectators from the Olympics—a remark that was duly spread around the world.

With the Summer Olympics under siege, thanks to world politics, the ineptitude and stupidity that occurred at Lake Placid last week were all the more distressing. The North Country Boys, as they call themselves, had promised for years that this would be an "Olympics in perspective," small Games run mainly for the participants. As it turned out, they produced Games that were being run *only* for participants

CONTINUED



The Village the HQ for the Pinball Olympics.



Much to everyone's surprise—including her own—the Netherlands' unheralded 28-year-old Annie Borckink left all her rivals in the 1,500 meters in the ruck.

LOOK, MA, TWO GOLDS

continued

Mrs. Nancy Heiden was having a hard time of it. "You sure we haven't lost one yet?" she asked a friend before the start of the men's 5,000-meter race. "Are you *sure*? Eric sometimes forgets to tell me things." The friend was sure—and so was most of the rest of the country. Eric had one gold medal down and four to go.

Moments later, his mother was again agitated, covering her eyes so she couldn't see the huge electronic scoreboard at the north end of the speed skating oval in front of Lake Placid High School. "Oh, we've lost it," she was saying. "I know we've lost it. He's on too slow a time." After 1,400 meters, Eric trailed a Norwegian skater, Tom Erik Oxholm, by 4.47 seconds. "He'll never make it up. We've lost it."

The crowd thought otherwise. The heavy thudding of mittens sounded through the steady snowfall every time Heiden churned by in his mustard-gold uniform. "Come onnnnnnnn, Eric!"

At the halfway point the margin was slightly more than two seconds. On Heiden strode, 33 seconds a lap, cheered along by the crowd. At 3,800 meters he pulled even with Oxholm's time, and at 4,200 meters he led by a full second. Mittens thundered. Mrs. Heiden reopened her eyes. On he stroked, machine-like, his huge strides devouring the ice, his back straight and low. There was no one who could match his 34.68 in the final 400 meters, and he finished at 7:02.29, his second-best time ever for the 5,000, 3.3 seconds ahead of Oxholm, who won the bronze, and .99 of a second ahead of Norway's Kai Arne Stenshjemmet, who holds the world record in the 5,000.

Heiden had his second gold in as many days, and it was the second day in a row that he'd beaten a world-record holder in the record holder's specialty. "Eric's the only one of the good skaters who is going in every event," said his coach, Dianne Holum. "They're all specialists taking a crack at him."

In the 500-meter race on Friday, the first day of bright sunshine Lake Placid had had all week, Heiden had drawn the first pairing along with the Soviet Union's Yevgeny Kulikov. Because Kulikov was considered his chief rival in the sprints, it was a great draw for both of them—for once, they could more or less race each other, not the clock. After 100 meters, Kulikov led by .05—perhaps the length of a skate blade. On the turn, however, where Heiden excels, the Russian slipped slightly and fell behind. He passed Heiden again on the backstretch. In the last three strokes of the final turn, Heiden generated what he called a "sling-

shot effect" and slipped by the Russian.

Eric said it was a relief to get the first one out of the way, but for all that the pressure seemed to bother him, he might as well have been in Lake Placid to study the effects of frostbitten thumbs on hitchbikers. Heiden simply will not be fazed. About the biggest change roommate Tom Plant had noticed in him since they arrived in Lake Placid was that during their morning runs, Heiden had admitted he needed to think about where to put his legs—one in front of the other—because they felt heavy and dead. "That was a good sign," Plant said. "That's a good kind of nervousness to have."

Unfortunately, Eric's sister, Beth, had a bad kind of nervousness. Racing in the women's 1,500 on Thursday morning, she seemed emotionally exhausted before taking her first stroke. "I saw her before the race," said Dr. Mike Woods, the seventh-place finisher in the men's 5,000, "and she looked like Frankenstein."

The 1,500 meters is one of Beth's best events, and Holum was hoping Heiden would get the U.S. team off to a flying start. Instead she left the Americans shaking their heads and wondering if they had all peaked too soon. Heiden got off to an excellent start, faster than any of the eventual medalists, and after 700 meters was on schedule for her planned time of 2:10. Then she petered out, losing nearly three seconds over the last 800 meters to the gold medalist, Annie Borckink, 28, of Holland, and finishing seventh with a 2:13.10.

Borckink's win surprised everyone—including herself. She had never before finished among the top three in an international competition. Further, the silver medalist, 18-year-old Ria Visser, was also from Holland, leading the judges to check the Dutch women's skate blades for tiny windmills.

It was a crushing start for the U.S. women. Leah Poulos Mueller, 28, a veteran of two Olympics, who had the 500-meter sprint coming up the next day, said, "I don't know if the letdown stage has really hit yet. Everyone is just in awe. Nobody thought that the Dutch girls would come in one-two, least of all themselves. But things like that happen in the Olympics." She stopped then and looked around, the snow falling lightly on her maroon cap. "Where the hell are the buses?"

Mueller's chief competition in the 500 was Karin Enke, a fresh-faced, 18-year-old East German, who had burst into prominence the week before during the world sprint championships in West Allis, Wis., which she won. Enke had been a figure skater until an accident a couple of years ago forced her to have an operation on her arm and miss months of training. She then switched to speed skating, a decision she has no cause to regret, and competing in the second pair, Enke had a 41.78. Heiden was in the third pairing, but the 500 is her worst event. Again she finished seventh.

In the fourth pairing Mueller and the East German, Cornelia Jacob, she was skating with were called for two false starts apiece; a third would have disqualified the skater who committed it, so at the gun Mueller was sitting back. She finished at 42.26, good for second place.

On Sunday, which broke clear and cold and with a wind that would pick up as the day wore on, the women were back for the 1,000, an event in which Mueller had won the silver at Innsbruck four years ago. She was paired with Natalia Petruseva of the Soviet Union, the bronze-medal winner in Friday's 500, while Heiden would skate against Enke. Mueller and Petruseva were the day's second pairing, and this time there were no false starts. The two women raced the first 20 meters stride for stride, but the Russian, who had dethroned Heiden in the 1980 world championships, began to edge ahead. Mueller picked up some ground in the final turn, but Petruseva pulled away to win by 40 feet. Mueller took the silver medal—her third, including Innsbruck, which gives her the biggest collection of silvers ever accumulated by an American in the Winter Olympics. "I like silver," she said gamely.

The Enke-Heiden duel was won by the East German, but by the time they were up, in the sixth pairing, the wind had risen and the ice had slowed. Heiden's 1:27.01 was good for fifth place, with Enke fourth and her East German teammate, Silvia Albrecht, getting the bronze.

In the meantime Eric Heiden, old Mr. Jitters, was the talk of the town as everyone waited to see if he could continue his unprecedented sweep of the men's events. His biggest challenge could come Saturday in the grueling 10,000. After two weeks of racing, interviewing, and awards ceremonies—not to mention the world sprint championships the week before the Olympics began—it will be a wonder if he can still lace up his skates for the 10. Right now it's all he can do to keep track of what day it is and how many golds remain. When asked after the 5,000 what he would do the next day, he said, "Huh? Tomorrow? What's today? Saturday? That's right. What's next? The 1,000? Oh, that's right. I guess I'll start thinking about the 1,000."

So it was two down, Ma, three to go. He hadn't forgotten to tell you a thing.

—E. M. SWIFT

CONTINUED



This man is smiling because he's Eric Heiden



America's Mueller skated off with the silvers.

continued

AUSTRIA STORMS THE HILL

In the wee hours of Valentine's Day morning, Leonhard Stock woke from an uneasy sleep, rose from his bed and went to the window of his room overlooking Mirror Lake. A thick curtain of snow was falling. Stock smiled as he watched it and said to himself, "These are just the right conditions for Leonhard Stock." He returned to bed, and as he lay there, in his mind he skied again and again over each turn, each icy precipice, each spine-jarring bump of the 3,009-meter men's Olympic downhill course on Whiteface Mountain. At last Stock closed his eyes and sighed happily, thinking, "This race is definitely going to be mine."

A day later Stock was once again awake in the early hours of the morning, this time reveling in the victory he had foreseen. At the lavish Austria Haus pavilion on Lake Placid's Saranac Avenue, the jubilant 21-year-old Stock sprayed champagne on friends and teammates, kissed a couple dozen pretty hostesses, not to mention three burly yodelers from a Tyrolean band, and then laughed and blushed as his euphoric countrymen serenaded him with the traditional Teutonic song of celebration: *Hoch soll er leben, hoch soll er leben, dreimal hoch* ("He should live high, he should live high, three times high").

Tall, rawboned, blue-eyed, with a grand beak of a nose, Stock basked in a glow of goodwill that was as golden as his medal. And that glow will endure. His victory is worth considerably more than $100,000 a year for Lord knows how long and assures him of a niche in the pantheon of Austria's downhill champions in which Toni Sailer, Egon Zimmermann, Karl Schranz and Franz Klammer, who couldn't ski fast enough to make the team this time around, are enshrined.

Stock was brought to Lake Placid as



The odd man out who counted himself in, Stock slams down Whiteface to the first Austrian gold

an alternate, the fifth member of an Austrian downhill squad that was more imposing than any assembled before. Only four Austrians could be entered in the Olympics, and as recently as December, Stock had fallen and suffered torn right-knee ligaments and an agonizing tear in his right shoulder. Miraculously, in mid-January, Stock finished fifth in the very tough Lauberhorn downhill at Wengen, Switzerland. Karl Kahr, Austria's celebrated Downhill Charlie and coach of his country's downhillers, said last week, "Thank God he got that fifth place—otherwise, we couldn't have taken him to the Olympics at all."

But whether Stock went to Lake Placid or not, the understanding from the start was that he was the fifth man behind Peter Wirnsberger, Sepp Walcher, Werner Grissmann and Harti Weirather. Indeed, the five racers had met in Salzburg early this month and voted four to one—Stock the obvious dissenter—that he would remain on the bench unless sickness or injury to one of the top four or a divinely inspired performance by Stock himself in training runs intervened. The rest, of course, is history. Stock did produce some truly remarkable runs, and on Feb. 11 Kahr and Professor Udo Albl, chief of the Alpine team, reversed their decision that the original four would automatically compete. They decided that Stock and Weirather were definitely on the team, but that the other three would be rejudged on the basis of their training times. Grissmann, Wirnsberger (winner of the World Cup downhill on Whiteface in 1979) and Walcher (the 1978 FIS world champion) were outraged. Kahr wavered again, letting it be known some hours later that all five would be subject to qualifying competition, but then *he* was overruled by Albl: the three would have to qualify; Stock and Weirather had made the team.

As it turned out, Walcher was dropped. He was understandably furious, but Stock's training times were so spectacular—twice No. 1 in the whole field—that keeping him off the team would have created a scandal.

After the snow, race morning was partly overcast, and the course had been covered with a fluffy six-inch blanket. But 200 volunteers moved in during the early-morning hours to sweep most of the new stuff off. Because of its consistency, new-fallen snow causes extra friction and makes speeding skiers feel as if they're hitting the brakes whenever they go through a patch of it. Once the course was swept, it was in magnificent condition, thanks to a solid base of denser—and therefore faster—man-made snow that had been put down by the Lake Placid organizers in the weeks before the Games. It was perfect for all the racers. Stock expected to benefit personally from the series of tight turns on the horrendously steep Sno Field section at the top of the run. Stock's specialty is the giant slalom, and those Sno Field gates were set almost identically to those of a good GS course.



Moser-Pröll exults over completing the sweep.

Stock shot across this hair-raising terrain with a controlled bravado that sent him rocketing toward the lower part of the course with a splendid first interval time of 37.01 seconds, .3 of a second better than anyone else in the field of 47. His style is so confident, his attack so strong that Harald Schoenhaar, the U.S. men's coach, would say later, "When I saw Stock ski by me up there, I knew he wasn't going to be beaten." Stock's second interval of 1:13.43 was best by four-tenths of a second, and his winning time—1:45.50—put him a comfortable .62 ahead of the silver medalist, teammate Wirnsberger, 21.

Because Stock had been the ninth skier to make his run, he had to sweat it out at the bottom after he finished. He kept a tense watch on the mountain, occasionally cradling his head in his arm. When the last of the best had finished, he broke into a radiant grin and raised his ski poles in triumph. But before Stock dived into the eager crowd of reporters and spectators, he grabbed a walkie-talkie from an Austrian coach and called Kahr, who was still far up the mountain at the start shack. "Charlie, I thank you for everything," said Stock. Recalling this moment, *continued*



For the jubilant Stock, victory means a spot in the downhillers' pantheon and a six-figure income.

continued

tough old Downhill Charlie said, "That has *never* happened to me before, and I have had many Olympic and world championship winners in my care."

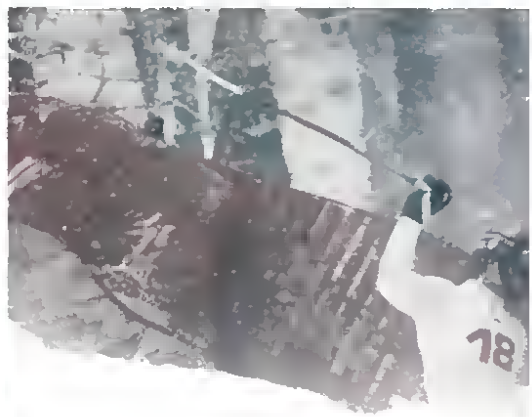
There were other, though certainly lesser, triumphs. Steve Podborski, 22, put together a strong but typically risk-filled run to finish in 1:46.62 and win the bronze medal—the first Olympic ski racing medal ever for a Canadian man. A member of the wild-charging Canadian downhill team known as the Kamikaze Kanadians, Podborski and his comrades had patterned their approach to racing after the magnificent, maniacal Olympic downhill finish by an American male—Bill Beck in 1952. As he said with a slightly dazzled look of triumph, "Hey, this is the best race I ever ran. I'm glad it happened here."

And that, too, is what Stock will be saying—for years to come. He is a mountain farmer's son from the village of Finkenberg in the Ziller Valley of the Alps, a rustic sort of fellow whom Kahr calls "a loose bird, very relaxed, very uncomplicated." Stock is "a boy who always loves to go home," says Downhill Charlie. Ah, yes, and never has young Stock enjoyed a homecoming as much as he will the one he'll get when he returns to Finkenberg after the Valentine's Day miracle on Whiteface queen had been worried that the official navy-blue Olympic-issue underwear might show through the white material of her racing suit.

Something over five hours later, Moser-Pröll, 26, could savor one of the great triumphs of the Games. In a picture-perfect run on a 2,698-meter downhill course that was both icy and windy—and thus about as nasty as anything Whiteface can offer—she won the first Olympic gold medal of her 12-year racing career. She won it by the margin of .7 of a second, more than comfortable in a sport of split seconds. She won it by beating her old nemesis—and, of late, frequent conqueror—Marie-Theres Nadig of Switzerland. And she

Hurtling out of control after bumping a gate, American downhiller Karl Anderson crashes into a snc





run that Klammer made for the gold medal in 1976. Podborski got his medal, but his teammate Ken Read, who stunningly won the prestigious Hahnenkamm in Austria last month, was barely 15 seconds into the race before he suffered heartbreakingly bad luck: the binding on his uphill ski snapped open as he swung strong through the tough turns on the top of Sno Field, sending him flying into a snow fence—and Olympic oblivion.

Americans escaped oblivion with a rather surprising performance by Pete Patterson, 23, of Sun Valley, Idaho, who produced his best downhill run ever. He finished fifth, which tied the finest Mountain. For in a few short minutes, he was transformed from a gawky young man who'd never won a World Cup downhill to an Olympic paragon—a bona fide member of the Austrian pantheon. As Stock said with a mountain man's simplicity, "I'm glad things turned out the way they did."

For Austria, the rustic prince was just the beginning. Act II of the downhill featured the queen. And when you are a queen, you simply ask and you *shall* receive. Thus it was that on Sunday, Annemarie Moser-Pröll, the mightiest female ski racer of all time, was delivered a suit of pure white long johns at the still-dark hour of 6:30 a.m. The looked absolutely smashing for the finish-line victory pictures in her white suit with bright red piping—with nary a trace of blue showing.

Moser-Pröll had been aiming for this race for a long time. "I have already achieved everything else," she had said. "All I want is to be Olympic champion. I don't care anymore about the World Cup. I already have six of them at home. I have wanted to win this medal since Sapporo." It was in Sapporo in 1972 that Annemarie, even at the tender age of 18 the heavy favorite in her events, suffered not one, but two upset losses to Nadig, finishing second in both the downhill and the giant sla-

lom. In 1976 Moser-Pröll did not compete at Innsbruck.

The Whiteface race would almost certainly be her last appearance in an Olympic downhill. To prepare for it, she had sacrificed a series of World Cup victories to Nadig, winning only one of the season's seven downhills. Her coach, Alois Bumberger, explained, "Annemarie was gradually building up through the winter. Nadig was very strong in December, but then she kept getting weaker. You cannot keep in top form for three months." In the week and a half before the Austrians came to the U.S. for the Games, Moser-Pröll did not train on skis. Instead she went to her home in the Alpine hamlet of Kleinarl and made only pleasure runs. However, each day of her "vacation" she ran 13 up-and-down miles in deep snow.

Now she was ready to attack Whiteface. During training runs, Moser-Pröll was breathtaking, once beating the field by an improbable *three* seconds. After that one, she said to Bumberger, "Now I know I will get Nadig for sure." Beyond the runs, there was no training. She spent her time off studying videotapes of her training descents, occasionally visiting—never overnight—her husband, Herbert, at the condominium he and 14 Kleinarl fans had rented in Lake Placid and putting in endless hours of tiny cross-stitch needlework on a tablecloth. The night before the race, Moser-Pröll and her teammates ordered pizzas from Mr. Mike's on Main Street—thus dined the queen on the eve of her greatest conquest. She was in bed by 9 p.m., up at 6:30 to receive her underwear and arrived at the start shack with Bumberger at 10:30—the first of the field of 28 racers to get there.

Sunday dawned horrendously cold—15 below—and as they awaited the start, Bumberger rubbed Moser-Pröll's knees to keep them from going numb and warmed the inside of her boots with a hair drier. Bumberger skied part way down the course and, just before her start, spoke to Moser-Pröll by walkie-talkie, "Everything is on the line today." She replied, "No need to tell me."

She burst from the gate with what looked like a smile and produced one of the smoothest, strongest downhill runs ever by a woman. Moser-Pröll held her arms to her sides, clamping them against her poles and staying locked in a tuck even on her turns. So splendid is her strength and control that often on key turns she will ski a line that is as much as three or four *feet* closer to the gates than other—merely mortal—females. Her first interval was a stunning 37.19, .15 of a second better than any of the five who had gone before her. Her second interval was 1:05.61, .76 better than the runner-up, Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel, and she flashed across the finish line in 1:37.52.

Still, she couldn't yet be sure she had won. Nadig was coming down three racers later. Hers was a fine run, but she was viciously slammed by a blast of wind halfway down. It shoved her so hard that she would say, "I almost went into a fence. It was not a fair competition because of the wind. Some had gusts and some didn't. They shouldn't have started under these conditions." Without that buffeting, Nadig might have won the silver instead of bronze, but there was no one on the mountain who could beat the queen on her day.

The bright-eyed young American, Heidi Preuss, 18, produced an inspired run and finished a splendid fourth. But Minnesota's Cindy Nelson, 24, the 1976 bronze medalist, was understandably displeased with her seventh-place finish.

Once it became clear that no one would surpass Moser-Pröll, the rollicking bunch from Kleinarl flattened out the fence in front of them, ran madly to Annemarie, lifted their heroine high against the bright sky and began passing her from shoulder to shoulder. And as the beaming champion bobbed above them, they sang over and over: "*Immer wieder, immer wieder, immer wieder, Moser-Pröll*" ("Again, and again, and again, Moser-Pröll").

—WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

nce situated to keep runaway skiers out of the forest and then sits up, disgusted but undamaged.



CONTINUED

continued

THE BOYS OF WINTER

U!S!A! U!S!A! U!S!A! The chant resounded throughout the arena, deafening exclamation points to the most exciting week in American hockey in 20 years. *U!S!A! U!S!A! U!S!A!* Flags waved as the seconds ticked down on Team U.S.A.'s preposterous 7–3 win over Czechoslovakia Thursday night, which came 48 hours after the Americans had pulled out a dramatic 2–2 tie with Sweden in the closing seconds of their opening game, and 48 hours before they defeated Norway 5–1. But *7–3* over Czechoslovakia? It was a numbing margin. Here were fuzzy-cheeked college kids, who five months ago had never played together, swamping Czechoslovakia—Olympic silver medalist in 1976, world champion in 1976 and 1978, the only team mentioned in the same breath with the Soviets. But the U.S. kids were playing to their potential—perhaps beyond it—and the crowd, which had been partially responsible for spurring them to that point, sensed it. *U!S!A! U!S!A! U!S!A!* It was a good sound.



Joyous teammates converge around Buzz Schneider (25) after his second goal against the Czechs

There was nothing fluky about the U.S. win over Czechoslovakia. True, the Czech goalie, Jiri Kralik, had been unimpressive—a sieve, really—but a much more important factor had been that the U.S. players had succeeded in channeling their emotions in such a way that it elevated their play. They proved that they not only had speed but heart and brains, too. As Coach Herb Brooks put it, "We had our minds going flat-out and our legs under control."

International hockey is played on rinks 100 feet wide (pro rinks are only 85 feet across); this means there is more open ice, and breaking to open ice is the basis of the U.S. offense. It is also the basis of the Czech, Swedish and Soviet offenses that have proved superior to the static, traditional NHL concept of staying in lanes (left wing on left side, right wing on right side, center in center). Brooks decided a long time ago that he'd rather switch to the European style than fight it. "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me," he says. "We had to cram two or three years of experience playing this way into five months of exhibition games."

Because past U.S. Olympic hockey teams tended to play together for a few weeks and then disband, more or less forever, American successes usually have come because of a hot goaltender. An *unconscious* goaltender. Remember Jack McCartan, who led the U.S. to the gold medal in 1960 at Squaw Valley? And Mike Curran, who paced the U.S. to the silver at Sapporo in 1972? Early last week Brooks acknowledged he would need a superb performance from Jim Craig, the former Boston University goalie, but he also cited a few "intangibles."

One was the American temperament. "The Americans and Canadians will bite the bullet to find a way to beat you," Brooks says. Strange but true. The Swedish team, on the other hand, is deep and skilled but lacks a special quality—heart, if you will. Another intangible was the youth of the American team—average age: 22. There is nothing quite so idealistic as a young athlete's belief in himself; in a way, the U.S. skaters had so little international experience that they didn't *know* they weren't good enough to beat the top European teams. That, of course, is half the battle.

"People talk about our in- continued

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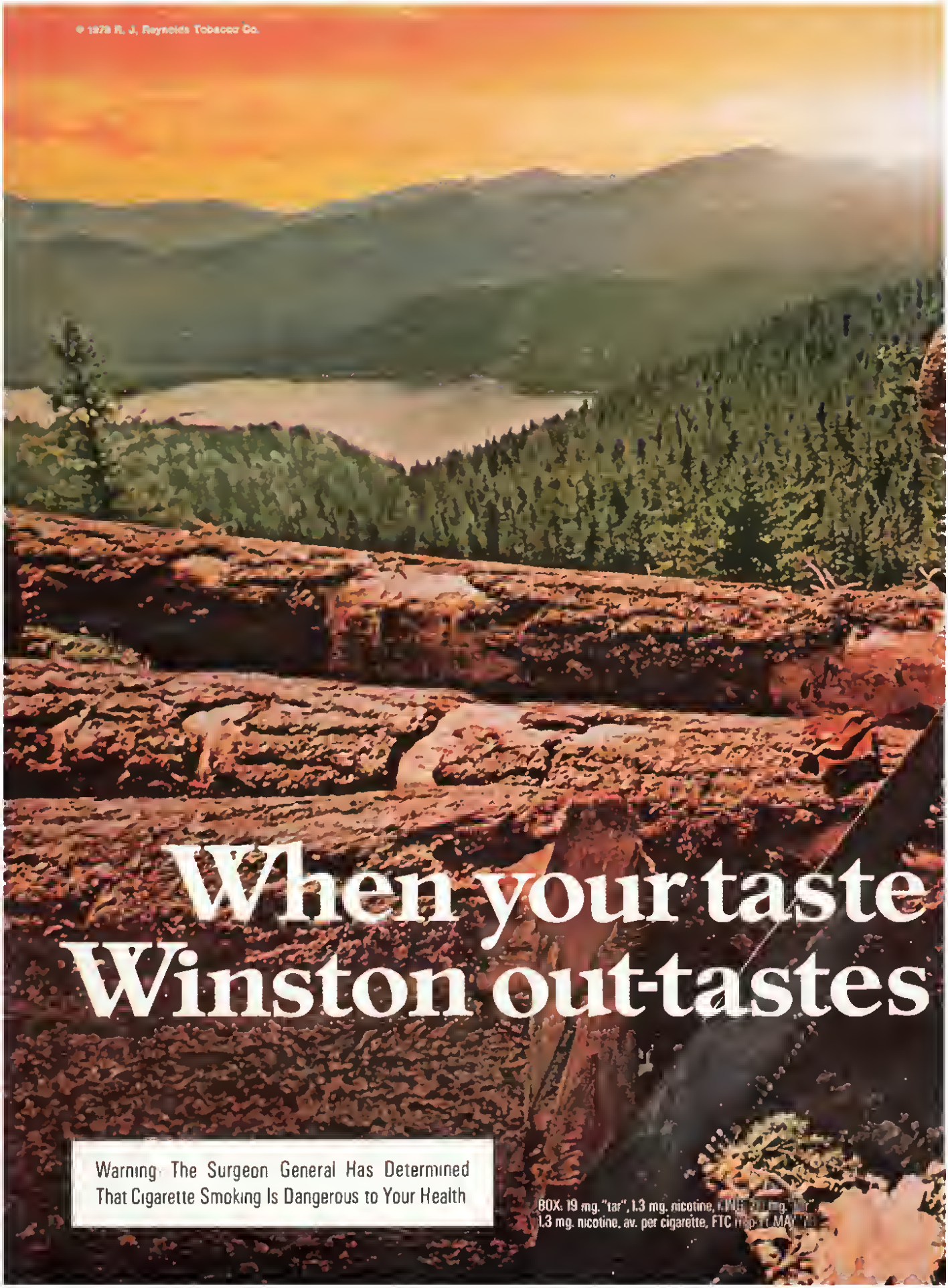
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continued



Mark Wells (15) raps home the rebound of his shot for one of the five U.S. goals against Norway.

experience," said Brooks, "but we hope to use that to our advantage. We're going to rely on our intuition, on our broken-field running. The thing we have to avoid is making mistakes that will beat us."

The last and perhaps biggest intangible was the home-ice advantage. The crowd. Unfortunately, there were some 4,000 empty seats in the 8,000-seat Olympic Fieldhouse for the game against Sweden; the unused tickets were either unsold or belonged to the bus-stranded thousands. In the game's first four minutes, the U.S. forwards served notice of things to come by busting through the Swedish defense for two clean breakaways, but it wasn't until 19:32 of the second period that the Americans finally scored, Right Wing Dave Silk taking a pass from Mark Johnson, breaking in alone and beating Goalie Pelle Lindbergh to tie the score at 1–1. (Back in Madison, Wis., Johnson once centered a Peewee League line that had a pokey right wing by the name of Eric Heiden.)

In the third period the Swedes took a 2–1 lead on a goal by Thomas Eriksson and then went into a defensive shell to protect it. With a minute remaining, Brooks pulled Craig and sent out Forwards Johnson, Silk, Mark Pavelich, Buzz Schneider (the sole holdover from the 1976 U.S. Olympic team) and Defensemen Mike Ramsey and Bill Baker. The puck went into a corner in the Swedes' end, and Schneider dug it out, passing it along the boards to Pavelich, who slid it toward the slot. "The pass was for me," Johnson said, "but one of the Swedes was interfering and I couldn't touch it." Instead, the puck slid at just the right speed—a much too delicate speed for the frantic final seconds—into the deep slot, about 35 feet from the goal. Baker skated in and blasted it. Lindbergh moved about four seconds after the puck flew past him and into the net. There were 27 seconds to play.

The Czechs were expected to be smarter and stronger than the Swedes, though not as fast. Silk, the burliest of the American forwards, noted that the Czechs had "Russian muscles," meaning massive triceps that could hold a defenseman at bay when one broke around him. A native of Scituate, Mass., Silk has become something of an authority on the stereotypical traits of nationalities, picking up his material in the Olympic Village game room. The Italian athletes, Silk claims, are not unlike their countrymen back home, whistling obscenely at the women, while the Chinese prefer to spend their time playing electronic Ping-Pong. Most disquieting, he says, are the habits of the East Germans and Soviets. "They spend their time playing a game called SUBMARINE, picking off American battleships," Silk reports. "Geez, you ought to hear them carry on when they get one."

Hoping to wipe out any underdog mentality among his players, Brooks didn't mince words in his talk before the game with the Czechs. Brooks told his charges, "You go up to the tiger, spit him in the eye, and *then* you shoot him." There is no ready translation for such folk wisdom, but the general drift is that it's best to thumb your nose when entering the Valley of Death. Which is exactly what the U.S. players did.

From the opening face-off, they skated and worked and busted toward open ice, playing what Brooks likes to call "sophisticated pond hockey." The game plan was to forecheck the Czechs from the top of the face-off circles in and then get back and clog up the middle of the ice. It worked. Led by the Schneider-Pavelich-John Harrington line, the Americans forechecked the Czech defensemen silly, and because of their speed, they still were able to get back in time to cover the wings. The Czechoslovakian offense is based on counterpunching—catching the other team up ice and breaking out 3 on 2 or 2 on 1—but against the U.S., the Czechs were in 3-on-3 situations all night. This clearly frustrated them. European offenses are geared toward finding the open man and hitting him with a pass; they evince no inclination for the kind of improvising that sometimes enables one man to beat two defenders. Indeed, they simply never try it. And the more the Americans sensed the frustration of the tiger, the stronger they came on, until it was the U.S. that ended up getting all the 3 on 2s.

After falling behind 1–0, the Americans scored six of the next seven goals. The U.S. led 4–2 entering the final period, but instead of holding back and going on the defensive, as a more experienced team might have done, it came out flying, icing the game with two goals in the first four minutes. And suddenly, instead of watching a colt on a romp, the crowd was seeing that rarest of occurrences: a team that was coming to believe in itself right before their eyes.

Afterward, Brooks was asked if it had been the biggest American hockey win since 1960. "No, that one's still to come," he said.

—E. M. SWIFT

CONTINUED

continued

THE NEXT VICTIM, PLEASE



Italy's Ernst Haspinger was staring at a gold medal until he lost his luge in his fourth and final run

The luge is the last pocket of wonderful insanity left in the Olympics. Every Winter Games needs something like it to add a sense of perspective: without the luge, the two weeks of competition might gradually become all vanilla in the memory. But here is an event that comes swaggering right in, looking raffish from the start, and gets by with it.

Listen to the names involved: Dettlef Günther of East Germany, Vera Zozulia of Russia, Ernst Haspinger of Italy, Melitta Sollmann of East Germany and her teammate, Bernhard Glass. They nod solemnly to each other across their sleds, all of them seemingly listening to music that plays only inside their heads, and then proceed to hurl themselves down an iced chute in search of speed that passeth understanding.

The Lake Placid luge run sits seven miles out of town at Mount Van Hoevenberg, which isn't really a mountain but a peacefully wooded slope thickly covered with stands of golden birch whose branches are lacy in the cold winter light. The luge run starts at a 2,400-foot elevation and snakes downward for 3,326 feet through 14 turns and a total drop of 313.4 feet, growing gradually faster and more frightening along the way. At full blast, the sledders hit around 65 mph, sometimes attached to their vehicles, sometimes not.

Lugers go racing in suits of plastic-coated stretch nylon; the outfits cling so tightly that competitors look as if they have been held by the tip of the nose and hand-dipped in high-gloss paint. It transforms them into something inhuman, sinister creatures from God knows where. Oh, how they *shine*, and rocketing down the course, they seem to paint long, glistening streaks in the air as they flash by. And all of this is done while supine on 22-kilo (48.4 pounds) sleds that are little more than two runners and a rudimentary saddle.

None of the lugers was more otherworldly last week than Günther, 25, whose presence seemed even more mysterious because he had been listed as injured. He came gimping in on a rickety left ankle. It was whispered that he had tangled with an auto and that the auto had finished second. No way that this fierce 1976 Olympic and 1979 world champion could continue to ravage the sport. Yet there he was in an iridescent blue suit, thick-faced and wearing a mean stubble of beard. Where Günther walked, crowds parted respectfully.

International luging rules require that one of the four runs be made at night, which only proves beyond all doubt that happy madmen control the sport. In the thick blackness of last Wednesday evening, some 5,000 spectators lined the illuminated curves and gulleys, not quite certain of what to expect. In spots where the track wasn't patrolled—and there were many—a fan could lean right into the run and look a luger in the eye.

In a setting like this, it seemed clear that this wasn't a sport at all, but a weird rite. Maybe these people weren't racing; they were being *sacrificed*. Those lugers who rifled past, frozen on the retina for a split second, would never be seen again. The knots of people would watch the racers and murmur softly among themselves, and then all heads would swing around to look up the course for the next one. Send us another victim.

On Wednesday night the mighty Günther flashed through the run in 43.199 seconds, breaking his own course record by 2.805. When the first heat was over, Italy's Haspinger was in second spot, with Glass in third. Zozulia also produced a record (38.978) run down the shorter women's course.

On Thursday afternoon, only the lighting had changed. If anything, the two-centimeter coating of ice seemed to glow more evilly by daylight. And again it was Günther, this time with a 43.555, leading the field. He was closely chased by Glass (43.780), and Haspinger (43.833). The nearest American was Jeff Tucker, 24, of Westport, Conn., in 13th place.

Racing confidently on Friday, with a .514-second lead on the field, Günther suddenly crashed near the end of the run,



spinning wildly and spilling off his sled. He scrambled back aboard to finish—but with a 46.879. When the heat was over, he had ignobly been kicked down to ninth spot. So long, gold medal. Günther limped away, unsmiling.

It was now Haspinger's show. At the start of Saturday's fourth and final heat, he was carrying a 2:10.860 total and looking great. In fact, Haspinger was looking great most of the way down. But he, too, took a spill on the Omega turn, and thus he finished 21st overall.

Which brings us back to Glass. He held on tightly to smoke everybody off with a last run of 43.482 for a winning total of 2:54.796. In the women's division, it was Zozulia all the way.

"Luging is like riding on a bar of soap," said John Fee, of Alaska, the only holdover member of the 1976 U.S. Olympic luge team. "Everything happens so fast. I like to compare it with a tape recorder stuck on fast-forward. You're zipping by the trees and crowds. Sometimes I try to imagine what the people are seeing when I go by them."

Don't ask, John, don't ask. Those suits are scary, John. You know, all shiny like that and . . . uh, John. John, is that you?

—Bob Ottum

TOUGH SLEDDING

There was Howard Siler at the bottom of the Lake Placid bobsled run last Saturday: red team parka, red warmup pants, red moon boots and gloves—and a beauty of a fresh red wound high on the bridge of his nose. The laceration bristled with black surgical thread. He looked cross-eyed momentarily, as if trying to see the wound, and said, "I like anything, *anything* that's fast and dangerous."

At that moment, while some 6,000 spectators shivered along the bob run, Siler was giving off a sense of exhilaration as if it were heat. The 34-year-old insurance executive from Brushton, N.Y., 6′ and 200 easy, had just driven the No. 2 U.S. two-man sled to fifth place in the 1980 Games, the highest American finish in the bob since 1956. That wasn't all. Behind him in sixth place was the No. 1 U.S. sled of Brent Rushlaw and Joseph Tyler.

The Swiss, of course, won the two-man event, racing like solid gold from the time they first set sled-runner to ice on Mount Van Hoevenberg. Still, Siler's fire was unquenchable. He saw his fifth place as proof of the resurgence of U.S. bobsledding. "We're coming on," he said in a burst of fine white teeth, "and we're not gonna stop—not me—until we have the flag up. You know what we're going to do? We're going to medal in the four-mans next week. We've seen the Europeans, and we're not afraid. It could be a bronze. Might be a silver. It could be," a pause for a dramatic gesture, "a *gold*."

One reason that the U.S. has lagged has been a lack of facilities; the Mount Van Hoevenberg bob run is the only one in the country, and before its Olympic remodeling it was something of a ruin. But in its nifty new configuration, the run offers 1,557 meters of whoop-de-do, where sleds can bomb along at 70 mph.

"This one is a driver's course," says Joe McKillip, the technical director of the run. "Anybody can run it—but doing it correctly is something else. If you come off Shady thinking ahead to Zig-Zag instead of the Little-S turn that comes in between, you're already in trouble. And that one little mistake compounds itself as you go along. At that point, even saying a High Mass wouldn't help you."

Back at the finish line, Siler was still cooking. "Greatest feeling in the world is when the sled starts to bounce and chatter, almost enough to make your vision go blurry," he said.

He tugged off one red glove, reached up and tenderly touched the fresh wound.

A little, uh, accident, Howie?

He grinned, the happiest fifth-place sledder in the world. "Look at *this*," he said. He pushed his ski cap up on his forehead, and there were two *more* wounds, decorative black stitches and all.

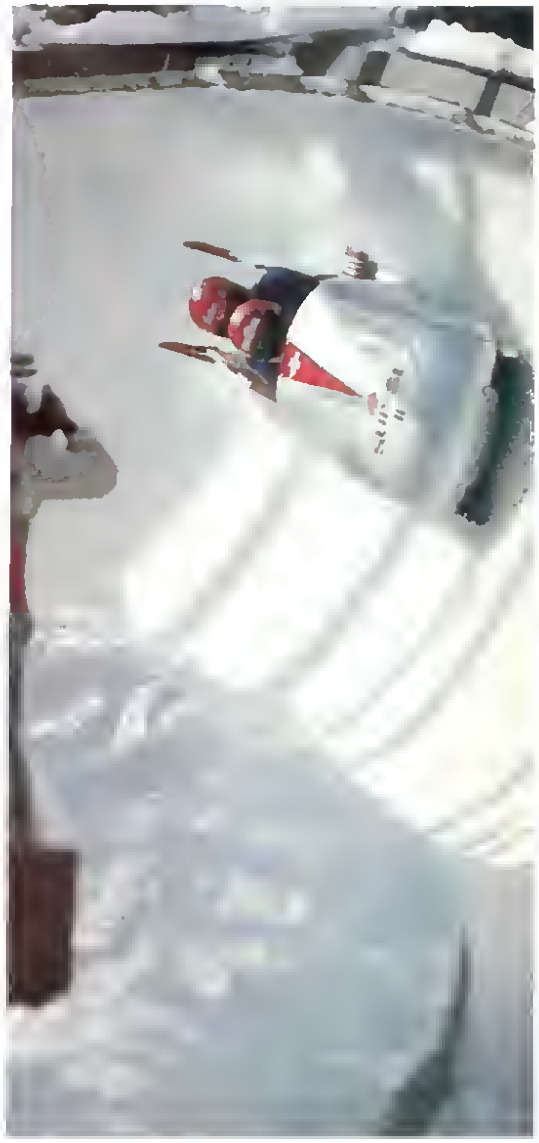
Must have been some crash, Howie.

Siler pulled his glove back on and became all red again. "What happened," he said, "was that I ran into my overhead garage door."

—Bob Ottum

CONTINUED

The winning Swiss zig through the Zag turn



continued

AN ILL WIND BLEW



Soaring through the air with the greatest of ease, Austria's Anton Innauer shows his gold-medal form.

For a few brief moments it seemed as if it would be a special day for U.S. ski jumping. It was clear and cold at the start of the 70-meter competition, with a gusty wind blowing from behind the jumpers. The ninth man up was 21-year-old Jeff Davis of Steamboat Springs, Colo., an easygoing Westerner, the type of guy you find living in a resort town. He had not been jumping well in practice and, since winning the 1979 National Championships off the 70-meter jump, his training regimen had been interrupted by injuries. Most of the U.S. hopes were pinned on Jim Denney; consequently, Davis felt little pressure.

From the top of the 154-foot tower, Davis could hear the crowd respond to a countryman's jump, and it pumped him up. The U.S. coaches, Penti Ranta and Glenn Kotlarek, had noticed in practice that Davis was coming down the inrun too low, so that it took too long for him to shift his weight forward upon take-off. He thought about that as he stepped into position. Davis told himself, "Go for it," and started down.

Among the previous eight skiers, the farthest jump had been by Alfred Groyer of the powerful Austrian team, who flew 83.5 meters. The maximum safe jump on Lake Placid's 70-meter hill is 86 meters. Beyond that distance the terrain flattens out and, therefore, can be a dangerous area in which to land. Davis launched himself smoothly, the sun behind him, his body stretched out over his skis. He held his form, soaring past the 70-meter mark and past the "critical point," beyond which the hill begins to lose its slope. The crowd let out a "Whoooaa" as Davis finally set down, windmilling his arms to keep from pitching forward. Suddenly he raised his arms in triumphant salute. He had soared 91 meters, tying the hill record. He stopped, shook a fist and skied back into the embrace of a teammate, and his score—128.8—was flashed on the board. Davis was in first place.

Five minutes later the scoreboard was blank. The judges had conferred and decided that, because of the wind, skiers were coming off the tower too fast, and for safety, they moved the start several feet down the inrun. The round would begin anew. Davis' jump had stopped it. The 91 meters wouldn't count.

"That's what's supposed to happen," Davis would say. "It was a good decision. Maybe if it was Kogler [Armin Kogler, the Austrian ace] or somebody, they would have left the start where it was, but since it was an American. . . . We still have to prove ourselves."

Davis soared 80 and 84 meters on his next two jumps, finishing 17th, the best U.S. placing. Twenty-two-year-old Anton Innauer, the boy wonder of the Austrian team at the Innsbruck Games, where he won the silver, won the gold medal, swamping his rivals with jumps of 88 and 90 meters and a two-jump total of 266.3 points. The silver medal was shared by Japan's Hirokazu Yagi and East Germany's Manfred Deckert.

Denney finished a disappointing 36th overall, with a first jump of 70 meters and a second of 75.0. "It wasn't something I didn't expect," he said afterward. "I haven't skied well all year, and I haven't skied well this week in practice. You always hope it will just come back, but that's not often the way it works. If you don't have the consistency in practice, you can't expect to have it in a meet."

Denney later told Davis that if Davis had jumped only 89 meters instead of 91, the judges probably would have let it stand. That bit of irony would have put Davis in the hunt for a medal—something no American jumper has ever won in the Olympics. Davis, the laid-back Coloradan, smiled and said, "It was all right with me. It just felt great to nail that first one. I proved something to myself. I'll get 'em in the 90-meter."

He also proved something about the future of U.S. ski jumping. As one official told Davis by way of consolation, "That's the first time an American's ever stopped it."

—E. M. SWIFT



Zaitsev hoisted Rodnina all the way to the gold medal.

THE RISE AND THE FALL

The dream was shattered, the hopes of two young lifetimes blown away in a moment, and now she sat in a strange house in a strange town, puzzling about what had happened. Her dad was guarding the door, his Los Angeles Police Department's sergeant's badge pinned to his belt. Nobody was to come in. Nearby, Grandma Margery was cooking country ham and eggs for breakfast, occasionally commenting on life's bitter breaks and waving a spatula in sympathy. The girl looked up. "President Carter called last night," she said. "Wanted to say he was sorry, I think."

"Nothing he could do about it, but it was a nice thought," her dad said. "We would've called him back, but he didn't leave his number."

Outside the house an anxious world and an intrusive press wanted to know what had happened the night before, in a moment that would surely prove to be the melodramatic highlight of the Lake Placid Olympics. The impact had been stunning: Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia had dropped out of the pairs competition—Randy drawn up in pain, Tai in tears—and millions of people the world over, who had settled in to watch figure skating's most dramatic confrontation on television, were dumbstruck.

Looking back on it last Saturday morning, watching Babilonia toying absently with her braids and staring down at her boots, a sense of frustration set in. It would be hard to tell all of this without sounding maudlin and perhaps overwrought. There was a sense of being caught up in a sporting soap opera, but it was all too real.

More than any of the 1,400 Olympic athletes assembled at Lake Placid, Gardner and Babilonia had represented something special—glamour, surely, plus a touch of being kid brother and *continued*

Two badly pulled muscles left Gerdner—and America's pairs' hopes—sprawled on the ice



continued

sister to those of their countrymen who had watched them win five national championships and the 1979 world title. They were both elegant and athletic, a rare balance in this sport, and at long last they would come face to face with the Soviets, who have dominated pair skating for 29 years. The showdown set for the Olympics had all the earmarks of skating's most memorable confrontation. Besides, this would be the last go-round. Gardner, 21, and Babilonia, 19, had devoted much of their lives to this moment, 11 years to be exact. For them there would be no more Olympics.

The injury that led to last Friday night's withdrawal seemed inconsequential when it happened two weeks ago; Gardner pulled the abductor muscle high inside his right thigh in a training session at the pair's home rink in Santa Monica. But it had apparently healed, and when the two started their final shakedowns in Lake Placid, Gardner felt strong. "We made some key changes in our exercise after the nationals in Atlanta," he said, "and now we're ready to get it on."

But last Wednesday, in the next-to-last workout before the compulsory short program, Gardner did an easy jump—"the most routine of moves," said Coach John A. W. Nicks—and the muscle suddenly popped again. Another muscle in Gardner's groin went with it. Nicks called off Thursday night's practice session, and, working in secret in the Olympic Village, doctors tried deep massage and ice treatments.

"We knew then that it would be hard for him to pull off any explosive moves," said Dr. Anthony Daly, the U.S. Olympic team physician. Daly also began thinking about administering an 11th-hour numbing shot, "a last-ditch effort," in case it was needed.

But there are very few secrets in an Olympics, and soon after the practice session was called off the press corps began spreading the rumor of trouble. Nicks denied it, pointing out that the practice had been set for 11 p.m. and that his pair needed rest more than workouts. But he told a friend, "I think we've got a little problem here."

It was at that point that the drama began to take on hellish proportions. Back in Los Angeles, Babilonia's maternal grandmother died, and word was phoned to Lake Placid. Babilonia's dad, Constancio, agonized and decided, at least for the moment, not to tell his daughter about it. Nor would he tell his wife, Cleo, who had been tense all week, wearing an I'm-all-right-but-please-don't-touch-me look. Connie Babilonia, an otherwise tough and hardened detective assigned to auto theft in Los Angeles, hid his emotions whenever Tai and Cleo were around. Later he said sadly, "You know, sometimes I have trouble remembering her name exactly, Cleo's mom. It seems odd, I know, but it's a matter of affection. She was very, very old, you see, and for years we had all just called her Grandma."

Everything seemed critical now: Gardner was injured and that was a secret; Babilonia's grandmother had died and that, too, was being hidden. Tai and Cleo would be told the news at some less stressful time. Connie continued to wear his jovial mask while churning inside. With so much at stake, should he keep the secret until, say, Sunday night, after the pairs finals? And then what would he say? He worried on.

Meanwhile, the No. 1 Soviet pair, Irina Rodnina and Aleksandr Zaitsev, were implacably perfect in practice. They skated imperiously, with precision and verve. It was obvious that they could recapture the preeminence they had abdicated last year while Rodnina had a baby.

They were skating perhaps too well, Nicks figured, and in a letter of protest to the U.S. Figure Skating Association, he pointed out "irregularities" in some of their lifts, illegal handholds according to skating rules. He wasn't seeking disqualification, Nicks said—Rodnina-Zaitsev, Gardner-Babilonia and Nicks are all



A sympathetic pat on the head from her coach, Nicks, was small consolation for the tearful Babilonia

good friends—but he wanted the judges to pay close attention when both pairs got down to the finals.

Through all of this, tensions were building. There is something unique about the effect of Olympic pressure on figure skaters: they take it personally. This isn't a criticism; it's just the way it is. Skaters come equipped with all the regular-issue athletic attributes, right down to bodies of coiled steel, but they perform on the far fringe of sport in a world that is half theater. It is far removed from the more craggy realities faced by downhillers, say, or hockey players who can chase their blues by giving an opponent a soul-cleansing shot to the kidneys.

At a press conference to introduce the U.S. figure skaters, Gardner displayed his usual cool, but Babilonia took the stage looking for all the world like a frightened doe who might suddenly leap up and bound over the assembled reporters and out of the auditorium. There seemed to be a bit of Broadway opening-night jitters in all this, possibly overplayed and perhaps unnecessary, but the tensions were real. And now other people were locked into the drama.

At one point in the week, friends searched out and rented a hideaway motel room for Tai, who was quartered in the Village, and her mother at the Whiteface Inn Cottages on the other side of Mirror Lake, so that they could protect their privacy. "Will it be dark out there?" Cleo asked. "Tai and I are such scaredy-cats that we might hear a noise outside and think it was a bear." But the figure-skating association objected to the move, pointing out that it had rented a "halfway house" in Lake Placid, where skaters could be whisked the night before competition to spend the final hours in the luxury of a single room and unshared bath. Cleo wanted to use the friends' motel room but didn't want to ruffle official feathers, and the motel room was abandoned.

So the Babilonias remained secluded in their rented house, operating under a sort of secret code: a caller would dial a certain number and a voice would answer, "Gene's Cleaners." If entreated properly, a cleaning-shop employee would run to the Babilonias' house next door and call Tai or her mother to the phone.

On Friday night at 7:30 p.m., Gardner was in his parents' room at Lake Placid's Hilton Inn. The short program would begin at nine o'clock. He was in pain, but, according to his mother, he told her "I can stand it." He began doing warmup exercises on the floor, sit-ups and push-ups and stretches. There had been talk of giving him a deadening shot, but, as his mother later explained, Randy didn't like the idea. There also had been talk of donning a special sort of elastic girdle-brace, but he didn't like that idea either. Nicks appeared at 7:45 p.m., and off they all went to the arena. It was there, backstage, that Dr. Daly administered 3 cc's of lidocaine, a legal pain-killer under Olympic doping rules, injecting it directly into the affected area after telling Gardner to look the other way so that he wouldn't see the needle. It wasn't a big needle, Dr. Daly added.

Then Gardner and Babilonia suited up and went out for their warmups on the ice. And that's when the final disintegration of the dream began.

Gardner fell three times on easy jumps, rising with almost a look of bemusement, and in a trial star-lift with Babilonia, he wobbled dangerously. On the sidelines Nicks watched, stricken. In the stands Gardner's mother, Jan, got up and walked out of the arena. "I knew right then he'd never be able to make it," she said. "Jack [Gardner's father] was there and he's much stronger than I am." Jan returned to the Hilton to await news of what she knew was going to happen. "It was just a nightmare," she said.

Back at the arena it was all of that. Ordinarily, the skaters stand around the staging area, waiting to go on, but now Nicks whisked his pair back to the practice rink and there—with the three of them alone—he asked Gardner to try another star-lift. It was, if anything, more wobbly than the first and, Nicks knew, there was very real danger of injury to Babilonia if Gardner's right leg collapsed while he held her aloft.

"It was very sad," Nicks said. "They would have done very well."

Still, when the rotation called for Gardner and Babilonia to skate in the No. 4 spot, there they were. The house settled down with a buzz of anticipation. The Soviets were still to come, and the confrontation was about to get underway. Then Gardner, out on the ice for another brief test, fell again.

Nicks waved them off the rink. He opened the gate for Gardner and patted the sobbing Babilonia lightly on the back of the head. It was all over.

The drama wound down slowly. Why had Nicks even allowed them to go back out for the short program when the warmups had foretold disaster? "Because they wanted to," he said. "Life goes on."

Rodnina and Zaitsev, of course, were perfect, not taking advantage of the situation but simply skating so flawlessly that they were a wonder to behold. After coming off the ice, they sent a message to Jan: We're sorry about this; Randy and Tai are our friends.

And now it was Saturday morning, with the dream irrevocably gone. Gardner's mother tried desperately to console her son. "People lose their mates, they lose their jobs, a lot of things," she said. "And they manage to get by somehow."

For the moment, however, comforting words were not for Gardner. "You can always get another job," he said, "but you can never get another chance like this. I feel like my whole life is behind me."

And down in the house by Gene's Cleaners, Babilonia toyed with her braids, wearing a camel's hair cap that was cocked defiantly over her forehead. "See the flowers?" she said. "They came last night, too, from Michael Botticelli [a teammate]." She had sat up all night after getting back from the arena, she said, talking to her brother. About what? "About all the dumb things we did when we were little kids." Then, while Grandma Margery cooked the ham and eggs, she curled up in an easy chair and napped, hugging a pillow. By now, both Tai and Cleo knew about the death of the other grandma, but in a strange sort of way the shock of everything else seemed to soften the blow. Cleo appeared suddenly stronger now, dry-eyed and pulled up tightly, more in control than she had been all during the Olympics.

Later in the day, Gardner and Babilonia allowed that they would get back to work and go on to the world championships in March at Dortmund, West Germany, to defend their title.

And on Sunday night, Rodnina and Zaitsev, of course, went on to win the gold medal. —BOB OTTUM

END

HE'S JUST A WORKIN' STIFF

Gary Austin totes up long hours on the job, which happens to be betting on sports—more than $30 million a year

by ***ROGER DIONNE***

At 4.30 on a Saturday morning, the gambling emporiums along Fremont Street in downtown Las Vegas are still neon bonfires devouring money. The rest of the city is sensibly in darkness. At least most of it is. To the south, past the blue taxiway lights of McCarran International Airport and not far from Wayne Newton's ranch, a pair of palm-lined roads wind through the hushed estates of other Las Vegas headliners—Sergio Franchi, Bobbie Gentry, Jerry Vale, Robert Goulet. Among these entertainers' *pieds-à-terre* is the rambling house that Gary Austin purchased in the summer of 1977 for $300,000. Lights are on in Austin's house. Austin is a gambler.

Austin made a cash down payment of $250,000 on his home. Gamblers usually deal in cash, and Austin, a former sales



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

executive in Mission Viejo, Calif., has become a full-time bettor, a sports bettor. He has bet increasing amounts on sports since the beginning of the 1970s; now he wagers more than $30 million a year on football, baseball, basketball and hockey—which is more than the GNP of many nations. Austin's swings of fortune can be formidable. During the first month of the 1979 baseball season, for example, he won $600,000; during the second month he lost $400,000.



At home in Vegas, Austin works amid UPI and Trans-Lux tickers calculators and odds sheets

"It's funny that Gary should have ended up in Las Vegas," says his wife, Judy, standing at the island counter in the center of their extensive and well-ordered kitchen. Judy was a speech therapist when the Austins lived in California, but now she spends her time as a den mother, working with the PTA at the school her two children attend and taking courses in geology and music at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. "Of all the guys I dated in high school and college," she says, "Gary was the quietest, the straightest, the most serious. I would never have believed one day we'd be living in this town."

Austin's mother, a strict Methodist, still doesn't believe it. When Gary shot marbles with his classmates at Ruth Hopkins Elementary School in Three Rivers, Mich., his mother wouldn't let him keep the marbles he won, because she is opposed to gambling. She still occasionally sends her son, now 38, uplifting tracts distributed by such organizations as Gamblers Anonymous.

"When I go back home, it really surprises me how they don't understand sports betting," Austin says. "It's not what people think. It's not rolling out of bed at noon, going to some sleazy gambling place, putting a bet on this team, that team and that team, and then taking it easy the rest of the day. It's a full-time job, and you have to work very, very hard at it."

So the lights are on at 4:30 a.m. on a day late in the baseball season, early in the football season. Austin sits in an oversize leather chair at the desk in the office in his home. In the room are two television sets, turned off at this nonsports hour, and bookshelves containing bestsellers, college textbooks and numerous trophies won in youthful golf and Ping-Pong competitions. Austin was the Michigan State Ping-Pong champion in his sophomore year. There are photographs of Judy and their children, Kim, 13, and Troy, 11, and one of the 1968 World Champion Detroit Tigers. The rat-a-tat-tat of a teletype machine hammering out the UPI sports wire resounds from Austin's office through the otherwise darkened house. A Trans-Lux ticker, the sort used at ball parks, is silent. It is, after all, nearly dawn and there are no games in progress. Austin had gone to bed at 11, and risen at four, as is his custom.

"The baseball All-Star break in July is about the only time we can take a vacation," Judy says. "For three days there's nothing to bet on."

The sandy-haired Austin bears a resemblance to the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy. His clear, blue eyes reflect the same combination of wariness and cool confidence. After studying a UPI story, Austin puts his baseball log before him to finish posting the previous night's games. He has won his two big plays—a $24,500 bet on the Phillies that earned him $17,000 and a $15,000 wager on San Diego on which he came out $17,000 ahead—but lost several smaller plays to finish the night only a couple of grand to the good. Baseball bettors lay a price on the favorite ($1.45 to win $1, for example) or take a price on the underdog ($1 to win $1.25). The difference between the amount a gambler can win betting the underdog and the amount he must lay betting the favorite is the bookmaker's vigorish, his juice, his profit. In the examples above, it would be 20¢, the difference between $1.45 and $1.25.

Using the box score of the Montreal-Atlanta game he'd clipped from the UPI wire, Austin goes to work, listing in his log everything from the final score to the number of walks the starting pitchers allowed. He moves on to the Cubs, to the Reds and so forth, until he finishes both major leagues. He works quickly, methodically. He has been doing the same thing every day since the start of the baseball season and for many seasons past. Through the year Austin also posts every pro football, basketball and hockey game, though his records on these sports are less detailed than those on baseball.

"Keeping these logs is such a grind," he says. "It's easy when you're winning. But, boy, if you lose a day and lose a second day and lose five out of six days, it's so hard to come back."

One of Austin's losses this day is his bet on the Braves to beat the Expos at Atlanta. While pennant-contender Montreal seemed a strong favorite over last-place Atlanta, Austin's log had told him that Montreal was six games below .500 on the road and Atlanta six games below .500 at home. After analyzing this and other data, Austin rated the two teams

continued

even, and when the books made Montreal the favorite, he got the best of the odds by betting Atlanta. True, he didn't win the play—as big sports gamblers call their bets—but as in other forms of wagering—cards, craps, backgammon, etc.—the successful bettor is not the lucky one-time winner but the player who gains a percentage advantage, however slight, over his opponent, in this case the bookmaker, during the course of hundreds or thousands of plays.

"People think you have to win every day or every week, but it doesn't work that way," Austin says. "It's a numbers game. If you're on the right side of enough plays, you're going to win in the long run. That's why the popular notion that you should limit yourself to your 'best picks' is poppycock. If you have a little edge in each game, your overall edge increases with the more games you bet. Unitwise, you're better off. If you win six out of 10 plays, which is 60%, you're two units ahead; if you win two out of three, which is 67%, you're only one unit ahead."

Apparently still the only person up and about in his neighborhood, Austin turns to the football schedule on his desk to go over the plays he has made on the weekend's action. So far this week he has wagered $120,000 on pro games but only a few thousand on college games; he considers college football too fraught with unknown factors to bet it very heavily. Football bettors normally wager $11 to win $10, the extra dollar being vigorish. That means a player must win 52.38% of his bets just to break even. The bookmaker, a businessman rather than a player, simply tries to balance his books, to have as much money on one side of a game as on the other, to ensure that he gets his dollar profit on every $22 wagered. To do this, he creates a point spread—his "line"—which he hopes will split public opinion. When Austin bets $11,000 on the Packers +4, he's betting they will not lose by more than three points; when he bets another $11,000 on the Jets −3, he's betting the Jets will win by at least four. A game that falls exactly on the number is a push, or tie, and all bets are off.

If a bookmaker finds significantly more money being wagered on one team than on the other, he adjusts his line to attract bets to the other side, and serious players like Austin, with as many as a dozen "outs" (*i.e.*, bookmakers with whom they bet), watch fluctuations in betting lines as closely as speculators watch rises and declines in commodity futures. Austin figures he gets at least a half point the best of it on about every wager he makes.

"That extra half point is probably enough by itself to overcome the bookmaker's percentage advantage," Austin says. "Add a little knowledge, and you might win 55% or even 60% of your plays, which is a tremendous edge. No one wins 70% or 80% of the time, even though some betting services claim that's what they'll get for you."

People tend to think of the high-rolling gambler as a flamboyant character with a ring on every finger, a blonde on each arm, and a skeleton or two in his closet. Austin in no way fits that stereotype. Raised in a home in which the Protestant ethic prevailed, he doesn't drink, smoke, take coffee or gamble in Las Vegas casinos. He occasionally joins his wife on her morning jog, and now and then he plays a couple of sets of tennis with fellow sports bettor Chuck Sharpe, a one-time Olympic boxer. Otherwise, nearly all of Austin's waking hours are spent working at his sports betting, which he considers to be fully in concert with the American way of life.

"Sports betting is the same in principle as anything in private enterprise," he says. "It's a risk, and the guy who works the hardest and is the brightest is going to come out ahead."

What that work entails, particularly in baseball, is gathering and correctly assessing all the available information. "You're playing percentages," Austin says. "You're putting all these stats together, and then you make your play where the stats match up well against the line."

Austin gives as an example a game last summer in which the Mets were pitching Craig Swan against a Cincinnati lefthander at Shea Stadium in New York. The public expected the Reds to win, and the bookmakers made them the favorite. Yet Austin knew from his log that Swan had been winning two out of three games at home and that the Mets at the time were .500 against lefthanders and almost .500 at home. "You're getting the Mets as an underdog. You look at the stats, and you've got to play them," Austin says. "On the other hand, if it had been the Texas Rangers, who were 13 and 25 against lefthanders, you'd have to play against them."

When betting football, basketball and hockey, sports in which the point spread should cancel out the favorite's advantage in talent, gauging a team's emotional state often becomes as important as—if not more important than—scrutinizing the statistics. Austin recalls a late-season game in 1978 between the Giants and the Cardinals at Giants Stadium. Both teams were out of the playoffs, but after

continued



Austin practically lives on the phone in his Las Vegas office so he can keep point spreads up-to-date

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a terrible start the Cardinals had won five of their previous six games, while the Giants had dropped six in a row, including a loss to Philadelphia in the closing seconds when Larry Csonka fumbled a needless hand-off, allowing the Eagles to score the winning touchdown. The Cardinals opened as three-point favorites, and the smart money in Las Vegas was going with them.

Austin didn't see it that way. First, his records showed that the Giants, while losing, had covered the spread in five of their last six home games; more important, Austin was convinced the Giants had all the incentive in the game. "St. Louis had the momentum," he says, "and that's an important factor in sports. But the Giants had so much more to prove. After that loss to Philadelphia and then a trouncing they had taken in Buffalo, they wanted to show their fans they weren't a bunch of jerks. So I bet them, and I kept betting them and kept betting them even though the points spread was moving against me. It was one of my biggest plays of the season."

For the record, the final score was Giants 17, Cardinals 0.

Beyond juggling statistics and gauging

continued

THE AUSTIN EDGE

Most bettors have a pet theory for beating the house, such as "Bet only on underdogs at home," or "Bet against a team that has won two in a row but on a team that has won three in a row."

Gary Austin wins more than he loses because he doesn't try to substitute an easy system for hard work.

"When you've been in this business awhile, you learn never to say 'never' or 'always,'" he says. Nonetheless, at the risk of sounding contradictory, Austin does acknowledge that there are certain patterns and situations a bettor should take into account when handicapping.

Home and Away

"You must separate home and away performances. It's like handicapping two different teams. At one point this season, the L.A. Lakers were 16–9 against the spread at home but only 13–13 on the road. On the other hand, Milwaukee was 10–7 against the spread at home and 15–13 on the road. Often a team that has done poorly on the road is underpriced when it returns home, while a team that has done well at home is overpriced on the road. There's an opportunity for a good play in these situations."

Betting the Home Team

"Don't bet on a team just because you're rooting for it. Much as you might hate to do it, if you're a Yankee fan betting in New York, you should probably bet against them, because if the Vegas line is $1.60 to win $1, in New York you'd have to lay maybe $1.80 to win $1. In general, if you bet against the home team in the team's home city, you'll get the best of the line and probably end up a winner during the season."

Betting on a TV Game

"You're taking a shot in the dark when you bet a game just because you're going to watch it on television. If you have no opinion, pass. If you must bet, make it small, and don't double up on the second TV game to make up for losing the first. That's poor money management."

Spotting Trends

"You're clearly in a strong position when you pick up something early in a season that the linemakers have overlooked. For example, the University of Kentucky went from a very good football team in '77 to an average team in '78. Handicappers can jump on something like that real quick, while the guys making the line don't like to make gigantic early adjustments. You might be able to beat their brains out while they gradually bring their line in step with the trend."

Overpriced Teams

"Big-name teams are nearly always overrated by a point or two because the novice will so often bet them just because of their name. UCLA is a good example in college basketball, and a startling example is Montreal in the NHL. The Canadiens have been a losing play against the spread at home for the past two years, and this year, if you can believe it, they're 9–14 at home against the spread and 7–17 on the road. In other words, the Canadiens lose two out of every three times against the spread because everybody thinks they are the greatest team in hockey, and the bookmakers always make the price on them too high."

Must-win Games

"In this situation the bookmaker knows in advance where most of the money is going—namely on the team that must win to reach the playoffs. If you bet that team, you're obviously getting the worst of the line. So the play is not as good as many think."

Streaks

"A team that wins one game has a strong tendency to win the next. Players get a more positive attitude and try harder. The opposite is true when a team is losing. You should respect streaks, especially in baseball and basketball, where teams play often and establish momentum. A good way to lose money is to bet that a streak will end."

Injuries

"The public puts much too much emphasis on injuries in pro sports, and bookmakers are aware of that when they make the lines. Injuries may have been a factor years ago, but today all the pro teams are deep. The absence of an Earl Campbell or a topflight quarterback, though, is worth three or four points in the spread or 20¢ on the money line. However, in college sports, particularly basketball, injuries are more likely to be a factor."

Matchups

"In pro sports, matchups are just not important at all. The coaches are so good today and look at so many films, that when they see a potential problem, they make adjustments. For example, Tampa Bay Defensive End Lee Roy Selmon was supposed to be too strong for the Rams to handle in the NFC championship game, but he became nonexistent because L.A. double-teamed him. Matchups can be important in college sports, particularly basketball. If a 7′ 1″ center is going against a 6′ 7″ center in a college game, you figure the taller guy is going to dominate."

Parlays

"It's hard enough to win one play. Why put yourself in the position of having to win two? Besides, bookies pay 5–2 on parlays, the natural odds are 4–1. For parlays to pay off, you would have to be picking 70% winners, and nobody can do that consistently."

Middles

"Anytime you can get the favorite in football, say, at −6, and then the underdog in the same game at +8, you have good earning power. If you win one and lose one, you're out only the vigorish on your losing bet. However, when the favorite wins by seven, you win both ways, and the payoff is $20 for every dollar you risked losing. When you win one bet and tie the other, the payoff is $10 for every dollar you risked losing. Middles pay off with enough frequency to make them good propositions for the player."

Football Cards

"No bet in sports puts the player at a greater disadvantage. For every $100,000 the books take in on football cards, only about $20,000 is paid out. Stay away from them."

team psychology, Austin believes there is an intangible factor in sports betting that he calls "being in step." "I don't care how hard you work at it," he says, "there are some years or some seasons or some periods when you're just in step and others when you're out of step." For this reason Austin scoffs at bettors who double up after a loss; he says they should do just the opposite—decrease their betting units when they're losing and increase wagers when they're winning.

"When I have a bad day or a bad week, evidently my judgment hasn't been very good," he says. "Why compound my losses by betting heavy the next day or the next week in an attempt to recoup? I'd rather cut back and wait until I have a number of winners and my opinion is sound, and then take advantage of it."

Getting in step doesn't happen quickly any more than one becomes a composer or a painter overnight. Austin has been a sports fan all his life. As a youth in Michigan, he lived and died with the Detroit Tigers—though today he bets against them as readily as he wagers against any other team, if he thinks it's a good play. In the early 1950s he and a friend used to play baseball with a cork bobber in the backyard of Austin's father's funeral parlor in Three Rivers. Using the lineups of the 16 major league teams, the boys would play four games every afternoon, and they kept score in every one. Afterward, with their scorebooks in hand, they would go up to a big oak table on a second-story front porch and update league standings, batting averages, pitchers' won-lost records and ERAs, home run and RBI leaders, even the top 10 batters, who were usually hitting around .600. Today Austin thinks of those elaborate, fictional statistical listings as paradigms of the detailed records he would begin keeping in earnest some 25 years later.

It took him that long to discover sports betting. After quitting Michigan State in his junior year, Austin went to work for the Continental Can Corporation. He married Judy, whom he had been dating since high school, and they had their two children. In 1969, when Continental Can promoted him to West Coast manager of sales, service and distribution, it appeared he had settled into the life of a work-driven, career-minded member of corporate America. Then, one day in 1971, Austin was shooting a round of golf with a friend in Mission Viejo. As often happened, the talk drifted to other sports, to outcomes of games, to bets.

"Ever think about betting sports with a bookie?" his friend asked.

"I don't know any bookies."

"I do."

Austin bet, and the first week he won $200. In his fifth week he won $700. "I thought it was all the money in the world," he recalls. "I just wondered if I'd actually get paid that much money by the bookie."

He did get paid, and he kept betting, and he kept winning more often than he lost. Finally he quit his job to devote himself entirely to gambling. His wife, remarkably understanding, did not object.

"The thing about it was the instant reward," Austin says. "It didn't depend on whether the company did well. I didn't have to share the profits of my work with others who maybe weren't working as hard. If I did a good job, I won. Of course, if I did a bad job, I not only didn't get a paycheck, but I also had to give back last week's paycheck."

However, the more often Austin won, the more reluctant Southern California bookmakers became to accept large wagers from him. "So I took some chances with people I didn't know too well," he says, "and there were many instances when I didn't get paid. One year I lost nearly $100,000 in unpaid bets. I was interested in increasing my wagers, but if you don't get paid, you don't win."

Four years ago Austin and two betting friends resorted to flying in shifts from Orange County Airport to Las Vegas to place their bets with legal bookmakers. "They saw us as out-of-town suckers walking around with all this money," says Roger Allec, one of the Orange County threesome, who until recently worked for The Austin Edge, a service that supplies info to sports bettors. Austin founded the Edge in the spring of 1979 after gaining a measure of fame among wagerers by winning the first Castaways Pro Football Handicappers Championship in the fall of 1978. Fifty-six of the biggest sports bettors paid $1,000 apiece to enter, and Austin got the $42,000 first prize by winning 62% of his bets, four percentage points better than the second-place finisher.

"The Las Vegas bookies took much higher limits from us back then than they would have from people they knew and respected," Allec says. "It took them a long time to get used to our faces coming around betting and winning."

One of the first to get used to their faces was Bill Dark, manager of the Del Mar Sports and Racing Book in North Las Vegas. Dark had put up a total of 213 on a basketball game—in addition to betting on teams, a common wager now is to bet on whether the total points in a game will be over or under a particular figure. Austin figured the total would be at least 222. He bet an "over" into Dark's 213 line for the maximum $500. Dark raised his total to 213½, and Austin kept making $500 wagers until Dark's figure hit 217. Austin won all his bets handily, and from then on Dark cut the maximum Austin could wager on totals to $300 and would not let him bet into a line more than three times.

During this period Austin was still living in Southern California. Along with his problems with local bookmakers, he was also becoming an object of increasing scrutiny by Southern California law enforcement agencies, whose views on sports betting, needless to say, Austin considers Neanderthal. By 1977 everything pointed to moving to Las Vegas, and in June he bought the big house on Monte Rosa across the street from Robert Goulet.

"The thing I like about living in Las Vegas is that my profession is considered respectable here," he says. "I'd really like to see sports betting come out of the back rooms and the cellars of America, just as poker has."

The Austin Edge is run from a partitioned room in a nondescript, motel-like building on Paradise Road. The office has metal desks and charts listing the latest football and baseball lines on the walls, but the most important pieces of equipment are the 10 WATS-line phones on the desks.

On a typical morning, Austin is in the office before daybreak. An employee named Mike Lowe is giving Austin's baseball and football picks over a phone to someone named Big Will, who's calling from a back room somewhere in America. Another employee, Dennis Tolbert, is giving picks to other callers, who pay from $100 a week—for picks only—to $150 a week for picks, Austin's ratings of them (two-star to five-star) and late-breaking information.

Another phone rings. Lowe puts Big Will on hold and talks to Bob Boy. Tolbert finishes with his customer, first

continued

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disclaiming, "This information is not to be used in violation of any laws." He takes Bob Boy's call, and Lowe returns to Big Will.

Meanwhile, at his desk near the front door, Austin, impervious to the noise around him, intently studies the day's starting pitchers. At precisely 8 a.m. his private line rings once. He picks it up.

"Yeah," he says. "Run 'em."

He listens.

"I'll give you 30 on Flanagan over Wortham," he says. "I'll give you 50 on Perry. I'll give you a dime over on the Cleveland game. . . ."

In layman's language, Austin is betting $3,000 on the Orioles with Mike Flanagan pitching to beat the White Sox with Rich Wortham, and $5,000 on the Padres with Gaylord Perry on the mound. Any changes in the starting pitchers will cancel the bets. Austin also is wagering $1,000 that the number of runs scored in the Oakland game at Cleveland will be more than 8½. Why? Because in his morning calls to the weather bureaus in each city where a major league game is scheduled, Austin has learned from the Cleveland weatherman that the wind is blowing out strongly at Municipal Stadium.

"How about football?" Austin asks.

He listens.

"I'll give you 50 on Green Bay plus 4½, and I guess that'll do it for now. If you ever need any San Diego plus 3½, let me know."

By 9 a.m. Austin has spoken with half a dozen bookmakers, some of them more than once, and has bet approximately $75,000, always getting the best football line or baseball price available. The bookmakers like getting Austin's and other strong players' opinions early, because it helps them adjust their lines before the rest of the populace starts betting.

At noon Austin packs his briefcase and leaves the Edge for a quick hamburger and a Coke, his first meal of the day. He drives his customized burgundy Seville coupe to a few sports books around town, looking for bargains that escaped his attention earlier. He finds a baseball total he likes at the Royal Las Vegas Casino and bets an "under" for $1,000, the maximum the sports book there will take. That wager instantly pushes the total on the game down by half a run. At the Stardust, Austin finds nothing he likes, but chats a bit with Ray Lenzi, the sports-betting manager.



Betting is so time-consuming Judy, Troy, Kim and Gary can't take a vacation in the Seville

"The public has it all backwards," Austin says. "Football is the sport that's real tough to beat, while baseball is probably the easiest. Basketball and hockey fall in between." Lenzi agrees, pointing out the best handicappers often take opposite sides of a football game.

"That's one of the reasons bookmakers love football," Austin says. "You just don't have as many stats to look at. It's more psychological, more a matter of feel. But one turnover can cost seven points, which may ruin the spread or the total for you. Turnovers in basketball, errors in baseball—they're not nearly so critical."

Recognizing Austin, several bettors sidle up, hoping to overhear valuable information that might make them winners, too. Austin ignores them.

"In this town you don't get close to anybody quickly," he says later. "We deal with large sums of money, and there are too many people around looking to rob you or looking to get you in a position where you have to give them your picks. So there are very few people here I'm real close with."

Late in the afternoon Austin ends his solitary prowl of Las Vegas and returns to the office in his house. The Trans-Lux ticker is ticking, the UPI sports wire rat-a-tat-tatting. He flicks on a game on one TV set, tunes in another game on a short-wave radio. And now the fun begins, the competition—not between teams, but between Austin and the various bookmakers with whom he has made plays, against whose knowledge and skill he has pitted his expertise to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars.

Austin slips away from the office to have dinner with his family in the elegant alcove overlooking the infrequently used terrace and pool. As usual, Troy is urged repeatedly to eat all his food, and Austin speaks sternly to Kim about having stayed out so late the night before. Judy is astonished to learn some of Kim's junior-high classmates wear makeup and high heels.

Then, while his children find their own amusement and his wife resigns herself to curling up in the living room with an Agatha Christie, Austin is back in his office, scanning the Trans-Lux ticker tape for the latest scores. As he settles into his chair, he talks of a satellite hookup he dreams of. He'd install a bank of television sets right up there where his bookcase is so he could simultaneously watch games from all over the country.

But now a baseball final is coming in on the ticker: California 24, Toronto 3. Austin can't help but laugh. Toronto had been one of his big plays that morning, a three-star recommendation to his customers. To the owner of The Austin Edge, it is a bit of an embarrassment. To the gambler, it's part of the game—a few thousand dollars on the debit side of the ledger. As soon as the box score comes in on the UPI wire, he'll post the game in his log and keep on working. **END**

by Larry Keith

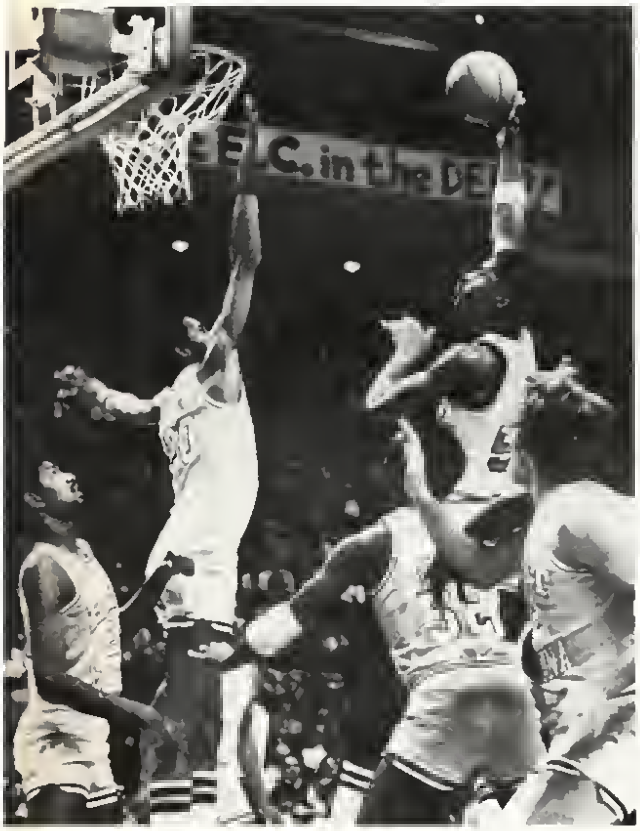


Clasping his hand to his forehead in frustration, Lefty shows the world he is, sure enough, a lefty

Play Md., call for a Dr.

Maryland was picked to finish a sickly sixth in the ACC, but with an accent on teamwork, the Terrapins are first and are giving the rest of the league a headache

Respect has come at a tortoise's pace for the Maryland Terrapins this season. When Center Buck Williams told a group of Atlantic Coast Conference sportswriters last November that his team would win the league title, they laughed him down and voted Maryland sixth. Then the Terrapins had to win 13 of their first 15 games and lead the ACC for seven weeks before they made the Top 20, something five other conference teams had already done. The most significant act of acceptance came even later, when Wild Bill Hagy, the bearded Baltimore cabbie with the beer-belly body English, began leading cheers for Maryland, as he had last summer for the Orioles. Wild Bill's "R" may be barely distinguishable from his "P" but the message is clear: the Terps are for real.



Williams, here hooking against East Carolina, may laugh last

Maryland proved it again last week, raising its record to 19–5 with home victories over Boston University, 99–76, and East Carolina, 85–72, before losing at Duke, 66–61. Despite the setback, the Terps remained in the ACC lead and seem a safe bet to finish with 20 wins and a Top 20 ranking for the first time in four years.

Maryland has confounded its detractors and returned to prominence because Lefty Driesell is a better coach and Albert King is a better player than either had previously demonstrated. In their first two seasons together, King lacked the consistency and confidence he had displayed when he was the nation's most publicized high school player. Driesell, for his part, had been unable to mold a cohesive lineup from a roster of prima donnas. As a result, Maryland limped to sixth- and fourth-place finishes in the ACC. "Basketball is a team game but Maryland didn't play it that way the last two years," says Guard Reggie Jackson.

This year, however, Maryland is every bit a team. It isn't just happenstance that as the Terrapins' record soared above the 19–11 mark of last season, their assists were up from a selfish 44% of all baskets to a more comradely 56%. The player with the most dramatic improvement in this regard is junior Forward Ernest Graham, who has kept his scoring average around 17 points a game while passing more often and shooting more selectively. "I didn't pay any attention to the team concept before," he admits. "I didn't realize and appreciate the ability of other players."

Graham is not fully assimilated, but he is selfless enough to fit into Driesell's new offense. Before the season began, Lefty junked his old double-post and installed new positions and new responsibilities in a 2–1–2 attack. The most important changes moved Graham from the backcourt to create a quick frontline, with King and Williams, and gave sophomore Greg Manning a regular spot as the shooting guard. Shooting star is more like it. Manning is averaging 14.8 points a game because his accuracy from the field (64.1%) and the foul line (90.6%) leads the ACC and surpasses the school records. The baby-faced marksman says, "It's reached the stage now that if I miss a shot I get mad at myself."

And King is no longer frustrating himself or his admirers. He has become the team's spiritual as well as scoring leader, increasing his average from 15.9 to 21.3 points per game. Instead of waiting for

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the game to come to him, as he did the past two years, King is reaching out and grabbing it. "When Albert came to Maryland he wasn't ready for the responsibility," Driesell says. "He was hesitant, even scared, so he played tight."

In those first two seasons, says King, "I knew I was a good player but I didn't know how good. I lacked confidence. I knew I wasn't living up to everyone's expectations, but only the people close to me knew how much it hurt me."

Finally, King decided to test himself. He worked "double hard, maybe triple hard" last summer, running, shooting, adding muscle to his slender 6′ 6″ body. "Albert worked so hard I thought he'd kill himself," says Williams.

King likes to believe that this determined effort brought out Albert King the person; Albert King the folk hero he finds a difficult role to play. He is bothered because "whatever I do is what people expected me to do. They won't feel that I've really accomplished anything, but I know I've improved."

King wasn't the only Terrapin to make special preparations for this season. Taylor Baldwin worked 27 pounds off his pudgy 6′ 10″ frame and has become the team's top frontcourt reserve after doing mop-up work as a freshman. In December, Baldwin even performed respectably as the starting center while Williams was nursing a broken finger.

With Williams in the lineup, though, Maryland can be as good as any team in the country. Last year he was the ACC's top freshman and led the league in rebounding. This season he is again averaging 10 rebounds a game and has increased his scoring average from 10 to 15.2. Notably for a 6′ 8″ center in a league that features 7′ 4″ Ralph Sampson and 6′ 11″ Mike Gminski, Williams hasn't been outscored by an ACC opponent all year.

The only other players who have seen much action on this young Maryland team are Jackson and Dutch Morley, sophomores who have divided starting time at playmaking guard. Morley is the better passer and Jackson the better defender, and neither gets in the way of the team's four double-figure scorers.

The use of fewer players with well-defined roles marks a reversion to the old Driesell coaching philosophy. For years Lefty has battled the judgment that he was a great recruiter but a mediocre coach. There was merit to this view because the signing of players like Tom McMillen, Moses Malone and Albert King vouched for his recruiting technique, and Maryland's failure to reach the final four or win the ACC tournament lent credibility to the criticism of his coaching.

Now, however, Driesell may deserve a new image. Consider the way he has responded to adversity. Only last spring, Washington's two dailies ran stories headlined: CRUCIAL DAYS FOR DRIESELL and, more ominously, THIS COULD BE THE LAST ROUNDUP FOR LONESOME LEFTY. The problems were many: the quality of the team was declining, attendance was suffering, players were transferring and Driesell's three assistant coaches and longtime secretary had left for better jobs. It even appeared that Lefty had lost his recruiting touch, because he was in the process of signing a junior-college player who, it later developed, wouldn't qualify academically and two unheralded high school players. This was the man who a decade before had hoped to make Maryland "the UCLA of the East"?

Well, look again, because right now UCLA would probably like to be the "Maryland of the West." Without a new ingredient to throw into and possibly ruin this year's stew, Driesell has had to do some serious coaching. And to the surprise of many, he has done it. "Coach has gotten a lot of criticism in the past," says Graham, "but he's proven everyone wrong with a team they voted out."

"He's definitely a better game coach this year," says Jackson. "His decisions are clicking."

As a result, Maryland has won five of six games that were decided by four points or fewer, and in a six-point game, the Terrapins ended a five-year losing streak to North Carolina. Maryland won that game in Chapel Hill last month because it shot 73% and built a nine-point lead in the first half by perfectly executing a spread offense that Driesell had gotten from former Marquette Coach Al McGuire before the season began.

"There are lots of people who can draw plays on a blackboard better than me," Driesell says. "I'm more of a motivator than a teacher. But this doesn't mean I'm not a good coach. People say Driesell ain't doing no coaching, his guys are just running up and down. Well, you couldn't have teams that regularly shoot over 50% if you weren't coaching. I'm just not the kind of coach who makes a lot of changes in a game. We prepare thoroughly in practice and I don't like to change in a game to something we haven't worked on. So I think all that stuff about bench coaching is overplayed. The only way you can really judge a coach is by the number of games he's won."

By that measure, Driesell certainly stands tall. He's averaged 20 victories a season in his nearly 20 years as a head coach, nine at Davidson and more than a decade at Maryland. But as Lefty's players know, the Terrapins have lost more important games than they've won. "Maryland has always lost the big one, but we aren't going to do that this year," says Jackson. "If we lose, people will just say that they were right about us all along and that now we are back where we should have been."

Wild Bill Hagy knows the feeling all too well.

THE WEEK

(Feb 11-17)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST What was the Louisville team doing in Washington, Pa.? Well, the Cardinals, who had just won 90–78 at West Virginia behind Darrell Griffith's 35 points, would have preferred being in Cincinnati, where they were to play the next day. But, the plane they were to have taken from Pittsburgh was grounded because of fog in Dayton, where the squad was to have landed. Hastily, the Cardinals arranged for a bus to whisk them to Cincy. But the bus whisked only as far as Washington before breaking down. There, during a two-hour delay for repairs, the players ate junk food and watched TV. Then the Cardinals hopped aboard their fixed-up vehicle—and it broke down again in Mount Sterling, Ohio, where the team bedded down in a motel. With the bus in working order again, the Cardinals made it to Cincinnati—21 hours behind schedule. There the weary players concluded an eight-day road trip by holding off the Bearcats 61–57 for their 17th victory in a row and the Metro Seven regular-season title. Louisville had begun the week with a 56–54 overtime win at Virginia Tech, thanks to a basket by Griffith with two seconds left.

There was some shuffling in the Big Eight standings, two-time losers Kansas State and Nebraska falling to second and third, respectively, while double-winner Missouri took a one-game lead. After an 83–68 triumph at Colorado, the Tigers beat Oklahoma State 93–81. In those games Curtis Berry tossed

continued

in 42 points and latched on to 23 rebounds.

Kansas State was toppled 48–46 by Kansas and 66–58 by Iowa State. The Wildcats blew a 12-point advantage against the Jayhawks and lost when Booty Neal got a basket three seconds from the end. Since Coach Lynn Nance resigned three weeks ago, Iowa State has been guided by co-coaches Rick Samuels and Reggie Warford. "I think we are being discriminated against because we don't have a head coach," said Warford, complaining that too many fouls were being called on his team. But against Kansas State only 11 fouls were called on the Cyclones. And the Wildcats missed both their free throws, while Iowa State made 12 of 18. Samuels and Warford were delighted by the rejuvenated play of 6′11″, 242-pound Dean Uthoff, a senior who had played well his first two seasons but only so-so since. Believing that Uthoff needed motivation, the coaches left a series of challenging notes for him before the Kansas State game. Uthoff, who said he felt like a caged tiger by game time, responded with 19 points, 11 rebounds and three assists.

Arkansas Guard Mike Young admits he is slow afoot. But he was quick enough to dart into the right corner, take a pass from U. S. Reed and score a basket that cut Texas A&M's lead to 44–43 with 1.22 to go. Reed had something to admit, too: he said he wasn't even touched by Rudy Woods of the Aggies when he drew a foul as he went up for a shot with four seconds to be played. Reed tied the game at 44–all by sinking one of two free throws and drew another controversial foul when A&M's Dave Goff fell on him while taking a desperation 45-foot shot. With no time on the clock Reed went to the foul line. After making the first of his two shots, Reed was engulfed by his teammates and never bothered with his second try. The Razorbacks' 45–44 triumph deadlocked them with A&M for the Southwest lead. Arkansas then squeezed past Rice 77–73 as Scott Hastings had 25 points and 16 rebounds. And the Aggies, with Vernon Smith netting 21 points and David Britton 20, wiped out Texas 84–61.

Bradley sewed up the Missouri Valley title by handing Indiana State its worst home setback in seven years, 82–60. Mitchell Anderson continued to perform wondrous deeds for the Braves, sinking 16 of 22 field-goal attempts, scoring 32 points, grabbing nine rebounds and getting five assists.

1.LOUISVILLE(24–2)
2.MISSOURI(20–4) 3.TEXAS A&M(20–7)

WEST George Raveling, the Washington State coach, has a reputation for delivering snappy one-liners. Speaking of Marv Harshman, his Washington counterpart, who is short on talented players, Raveling said, "I tried to find a Christmas present for him, but what do you give to the guy who has nothing?" Raveling's Cougars showed that *they* have something, shocking Pac-10 leader Oregon State 69–51. Firing Washington State's attack with 26 points was Don Collins, the conference's top scorer. Cougar Guard Bryan Rison, who had 20 points in that game, sank 23 of 25 free throws during an 81–66 drubbing of Oregon in which both he and Collins wound up with 31 points.

Arizona State was just half a game out of first place after beating Southern Cal 67–57. A hard-to-crack zone defense and 19 points and eight rebounds by Alton Lister were the Sun Devils' main assets.

UCLA got lots of points from two young players while defeating Arizona 90–78. The Bruins shot a remarkable .711 as a team, and sophomore Mike Sanders scored 24 points, freshman Ron Foster 28.

"I'm tickled pink," said Utah State Coach Rod Tueller after *losing* 84–83 at Brigham Young, where Fred Roberts of the Cougars had 26 points and 12 rebounds. If Tueller was so happy with a defeat, one can only imagine what joy he felt after his team tightened its grasp on the Pacific Coast AA lead by stopping Cal State Long Beach 96–90 and UC Santa Barbara 54–51. The Aggies got 73 points from Dean Hunger and 72 from Brian Jackson in the three games.

Scoring 30 points in two games is no big deal. But 30 by David Johnson accounted for 35% of Weber State's total as the Wildcats clinched the Big Sky title, winning twice. The Wildcats downed Nevada-Reno 57–55 when Johnson, who had 20 points, converted two foul shots with four seconds left. State then upped its record to 23–2 by outlasting Northern Arizona's stall 28–22.

Nevada-Las Vegas continued to play barn burners, beating Wyoming 66–64 and Colorado State 81–80. The Rebels, who are 19–5, have won eight times by four points or fewer. Vegas had another nail-biter on Sunday, losing to Kentucky 74–69 as Sam Bowie led the Wildcats with 23 points.

1.OREGON STATE(23–3)
2.WASHINGTON STATE(19–4) 3.BYU(20–4)

MIDEAST After a 95–70 loss to Kentucky, Florida Coach Ed Visscher said, "We are the Rodney Dangerfield of the league. Nobody gives us any respect." There was no lack of respect for the Wildcats, though, particularly for 7′1″ freshman Sam Bowie, who had 19 points against the Gators. Bowie earned further stature in a game with Vanderbilt, scoring 20 points, pulling down nine rebounds and blocking six shots as Kentucky romped 91–73.

Louisiana State remained deadlocked with Kentucky for first place in the Southeastern Conference, and this week brings a showdown between the two. Unlike the Wildcats, the Tigers didn't breeze to their triumphs. Guard Ethan Martin was spectacular as LSU downed Tennessee 73–66, pumping in 25 points and picking up half of his team's 14 steals. Martin opened the game with a steal and layup, ended the first half the same way and began the second half in like manner. At Auburn, however, State resorted to a late five-minute freeze to lock up a 50–44 decision. Afterward, LSU Coach Dale Brown gave a pep talk to the *losers*, congratulating them for a gritty effort. Brown's words just might have helped Auburn. Next time out, the Tigers ended an eight-game losing streak by defeating Georgia 69–65 in overtime.

When it came to true grit, Indiana's Hoosiers displayed plenty of it. Mike Woodson, who had not played in 57 days following surgery for a herniated disc, sank his first three shots against Iowa. He ended up with 18 points and five rebounds as the Hoosiers won 66–55. Hardly had Woodson returned when Isiah Thomas of Indiana went out after bumping heads with Kevin Boyle of the Hawkeyes. Thomas, who needed 20 stitches, was back on the floor in the second half to add zip to the Hoosier attack with his deft playmaking and 12 points. Woodson continued his comeback against Minnesota, playing 39 minutes, scoring 24 points and passing off for five assists. All of which left Indiana tied with Purdue and Ohio State atop the Big Ten.

Last-place Northwestern jarred the Boilermakers 57–54 behind Mike Campbell's 21 points. Then, despite 30 points by Wes Matthews of Wisconsin, Purdue was a 69–61 victor. When Minnesota upset Ohio State 74–70, the big gun for the Gophers was Kevin McHale, who netted 20 points. The Buckeyes righted themselves by polishing off Illinois 71–57. The Illini got into a jam by missing 13 of their first 14 shots and were kept there by OSU's Herb Williams (18 points, 12 rebounds, four blocked shots) and Clark Kellogg (15 rebounds, 11 points).

DePaul was overwhelming. Mark Aguirre putting in 23 points as the Blue Demons beat Valparaiso 95–71 and then, in just 26 minutes, scored 30 more as Butler went down 103–79.

Two other independents, Marquette and Notre Dame, kept on winning. The Warriors fattened their record to 15–7 by sweeping past Xavier of Ohio 82–70 and Dayton 73–64. Leading the way for Marquette were Oliver Lee with 39 points and Sam Worthen with 38. Kelly Tripucka poured in 73 points as Notre Dame (19–4) avenged an earlier loss to San Francisco 78–66, beat Fordham 86–76 and ran away from South Carolina 90–66.

And now for a fish story. Bowling Green, which fell a game back in the Mid-American race by splitting two games while Toledo won twice, almost had to get along without starting Forward Mike Miday. He needed six stitches in his shooting hand after being bitten by his pet piranha, which let the big one (Miday is 6′7″ and 218 pounds) get away.

1.DePAUL(22–0)
2.LSU(20–4) 3.INDIANA(16–7)

continued



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EAST There were 14 minutes left and Georgetown trailed 38–23 at Syracuse when a capacity crowd of 9,521 joined the Sour Citrus Society band in a rendition of *Auld Lang Syne*. It seemed fitting. After all, this was the final game ever for the Orangemen at Manley Field House, where they had been 190–27 and where they had won their last 57 home games. If that little ditty didn't bring a few tears to the eyes of Syracuse fans, then the Hoyas most certainly did. When the music stopped, Georgetown got its offense humming. A pair of foul shots by Eric Floyd with five seconds remaining put the Hoyas on top for keeps, 52–50.

Three days later, Louis Orr of Syracuse was sizzling at St. John's. Orr took up the slack left by foul-plagued Roosevelt Boule, snaring 17 rebounds and scoring the last of his 29 points on a layup that barely beat the final buzzer for a 72–71 Orange victory. With freshman David Russell coming off the bench to pump in 15 points in the first half, the Redmen had led by as many as 11.

Following a 68–51 loss at North Carolina.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DON COLLINS: Washington State's 6′ 6″ senior forward sank 23 of 39 field-goal tries and had 57 points, seven steals, 10 rebounds and four assists as the Cougars got into the thick of the furious Pac-10 race with two victories.

Jeff Lamp of Virginia glanced at the final statistics and crumpled the sheet. Among the numbers that irked Lamp were the Cavaliers' 11-for-29 second-half shooting and the 13 rebounds pulled down by Mike O'Koren of the Tar Heels. What the stat sheet didn't show was that 6′ 11″ Jeff Wolf held Virginia's 7′ 4″ Ralph Sampson to 12 points—just two in the second half—and that he even worked around the big freshman for two stuffs. North Carolina, which also beat Georgia Tech 60–50, thus moved into second place in the ACC.

Against Clemson, Sampson had 32 points and Lee Raker 21, and Lamp assured Virginia an 89–87 triumph when he sank two free throws with four seconds to go. Tiger Coach Bill Foster noted with chagrin that his team had scored nine more field goals than the Cavaliers. Foster was consoled a bit when, playing at home against North Carolina State, Clemson won 78–70 despite having scored nine fewer baskets than the Wolfpack. That was the greatest number of points given up by State since its season opener. Earlier, the Wolfpack came from 16 points back to overtake Duke 76–59.

Peter Moss tossed in 22 points as Brown beat Princeton 58–50 and 33 as the Bruins handed Penn its first Ivy setback, 71–58.

1.SYRACUSE(22–2)
2.ST. JOHN'S(21–3) 3.MARYLAND(19–5)

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by Sam Moses



As it did for much of the 500, Baker's Olds leads a line of drafters through the high-banked turns

All the way, good Buddy

For 18 years Buddy Baker had encountered one tough break after another in the Daytona 500. This week he and the Silver Ghost came out the no-problem winners

The only desire stronger than Buddy Baker's to win the Daytona 500 last Sunday was the collective wish of the 100,000 fans at the Speedway for him to win it. Baker, a 6′ 5″, 215-pound bear of a man so full of emotion he fairly overflows with it—something the fans can't seem to help loving him for—finally found himself around for the finish of a 500. The faithful have been saying for the 18 years he has been trying to win the race that if Buddy Baker ever runs strong for 500 miles, he'll smoke 'em all. Which is just what he did, leading for 143 of the 200 laps and setting a record for a 500-mile auto race of any kind—including the Indy 500—of 177.602 mph.

Oh, he had come so close so many times. Each year it was the same old story: the big guy gets a broken heart. "I never wanted anything in my life as much as I wanted to win the Daytona 500," Baker said in Victory Circle. "I'll tell you, the pleasure that I have right now, if I had to quit tomorrow I'd feel as if I'd had a great racing career."

When Baker rolled back to his pit after taking the checkered flag, his crew leaped all over his car and his 14-year-old son jumped inside, his eyes full of tears. Baker was so happy he couldn't even smile at first and so excited he felt sick to his stomach, which has always had a propensity for butterflies. "My boy was crying," said Baker, "and it was all I could do to hold back the tears myself."

Baker's stylish black-and-silver Oldsmobile Cutlass, called the Silver Ghost—partly because it always seems to vanish before the finish—was easily the fastest car in the race, as it had been all week. No sooner was qualifying over and Baker installed in the pole position for the second consecutive year—this time at a speed of 194.099 mph, slightly slower than his 1979 record because of a headwind down the backstretch—than he was being pegged a winner by those who should know. Said Benny Parsons' crew chief, David Ifft, who keeps his ear so close to the ground that one earlobe is perpetually cold from the concrete on the garage floor, "You watch—Buddy's gonna win this thing."

In Sunday's race the only car that could even begin to match the Silver Ghost was Cale Yarborough's Olds, sponsored by Busch beer and consequently painted with blue-and-gold mountains, making it look somewhat like a streamlined can of the brew. True to form, Baker charged to the front early—as if all of his 215 pounds were concentrated in his right foot when he saw the green flag. Nine other cars lined up in single file behind Baker, drafting him, the Silver Ghost becoming a 200-mph vacuum cleaner as it sucked slower cars through the wind. Yarborough and the others took turns hounding Baker, the rabbit. Two drivers who didn't mind being sucked along were Bobby Allison and Neil Bonnett, both in Mercury Cougars, cars that could keep up with the Oldsmobiles but couldn't stay ahead of them.

But soon the lead pack was down to Baker, Yarborough, Bonnett and Richard Petty. Yarborough tangled with Dave Marcis in Turn 4, then dropped back with gearbox problems, and then Petty and his Olds went out with a burned clutch. With 20 laps remaining, Baker led the Olds of Dale Earnhardt, who had weaved up from the 32nd starting position, Bonnett and Allison. From that

continued


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PHILLIPS 66

point on, the race was settled in the pits.

Allison and Bonnett pitted together, each taking on two cans (22 gallons) of gas, Allison in 12.2 seconds, Bonnett in 11.5. Earnhardt pitted and his crew fouled up a tire change; so much for him. Baker's crew chief, Waddell Wilson, gambling in order to save precious seconds, gave Baker only one can of gas and got him out in six seconds. But Baker didn't even get a full can. As the gas was flowing, Wilson shouted to Baker, "Get ready to go!" and Buddy, hearing the word "go," took off, leaving some gas in the can.

That little misunderstanding almost led to another Baker calamity, another "Bad Luck Buddy" story on the Monday morning sports page. With one lap left, the needle on Baker's fuel pressure gauge sagged, and so did his heart. But just then the yellow flag came out and Baker was able to ease off and cruise home a winner. "If I'd had to go another lap I'd never have made it," he said.

Allison finished second, with Bonnett third after blowing his engine on the 198th lap, and Earnhardt fourth.

"If there ever was a perfect race car to bring to Daytona, I had it here," said Baker. "The way the car was running today, all I had to do was keep it between the two walls in order to win."

The Silver Ghost was not only the fastest car but the most meticulously prepared as well. Body putty had converted the small lumps and ridges of the stock GM styling into shapely swoops and curves that provided better aerodynamics. "That's one fine race car," said Benny Parsons admiringly as the field lined up on the grid. Parsons would finish fifth.

On Thursday there had been two 125-mile races to determine Sunday's starting positions for all but the front row where Donnie Allison, qualifying at 193.440 mph, joined Baker. Year after year, these mini-races are generally the most exciting action at Daytona because they are so short and so much is at stake, especially for the back runners, for whom the two races often add up to a make-or-break situation: do well enough to make the 42-car field for the rich 500 or break trying.

"The 125-milers are the most dangerous races we run," says Baker. "There are only two things you can do to win: shut your eyes and keep the accelerator mashed."

Bonnett edged Yarborough in the first of the mini-races. In the second, easily won by Donnie Allison, a 28-year-old rookie named Ricky Knotts was killed. It was the fourth stock-car fatality in the Daytona Speedway's 22-year history and three have occurred during 125-milers.

"I've been coming here nearly all my grown-up life," said Allison after his Thursday victory, "and there have been these races all that time. So I've just grown to accept that fact. Every time you buckle up in one of these things you take a chance. The thing that makes me feel bad is I don't think the rookies have enough time to practice. You know that they're nervous, and it makes you nervous."

There had also been an accident in the first race, one that took out eight cars, including the Dodge of Kyle Petty, 19, the son of King Richard, the reigning NASCAR champion and six-time Daytona 500 winner.

The relationship between Richard Petty and Kyle, his only son, is especially close. And Kyle is very much the son of Richard. They both speak in the pleasant slow vowels and muffled consonants of their native North Carolina. They have the same curly hair, the same mustache, the same 6′ 2″ frame, although Kyle is a healthy 190 pounds to Richard's ulcer-wracked 175.

There was probably never really much doubt as to young Petty's destiny, although the evidence that he was being molded for a bucket seat was not clear-cut. His debut last year at 18 came as a surprise to most. "I tried discouraging it," says Richard, "but I knew Kyle wanted to do it and I knew I wanted him to do it."



The trophy his, Baker finally managed a grin

When they're not in the same race, Richard watches Kyle's every move from the roof of the team's tractor-trailer. And when they are in the same race, and Richard sees the yellow flag come out indicating a crash or spinout or other trouble, his heart skips a beat and his first thought is, "*Where's Kyle*?" He doesn't stop holding his breath until he finds out.

Richard was watching the first of the 125ers when Gary Baker, a rookie not related to Buddy, spun and was knocked by another car into Kyle's path as they all came out of Turn 4. A few skipped heartbeats later, Kyle's Dodge was wedged backward against the wall just short of the start-finish line. Kyle climbed out the window of his car and stood on the roof so that his father could see he was unhurt. Richard got down off the tractor-trailer, went to Kyle and walked him back across the track, an arm around his shoulders.

Richard Knotts, Ricky's father and No. 1 fan, didn't have the chance to drape an arm over his son's shoulders. When Ricky spun in the second 125-miler, his Olds slid broadside and backward against an infield wall at about 100 mph. Ricky died instantly of head injuries.

Richard Knotts and his only child also had an especially close relationship. They had driven from Paw Paw, Mich., just the two of them, to race at Daytona. Ricky had been racing since he was 14 and all he ever wanted to do was be a Grand National stock-car driver, which is all his father ever wanted, too. To this end Richard Knotts worked at a Chevrolet dealership in their hometown and supported Ricky's racing. "The only thing that mattered to them was Ricky's making it to the Speedway," said Dave Maleski, a mechanic friend. "It was his first Grand National race. They were the happiest men in the world when Ricky climbed in that car on the starting line."

"I didn't just lose my son," said the tearful Knotts. "I lost my buddy."

Earlier that week someone had said in the drivers' meeting, "If you lose it and you keep it off the wall you're lucky, not good." The Knotts and the Pettys had both been to the wall, but the Pettys had had the luck. And Buddy Baker, at long last, had both luck and glory. **END**

by Bruce Newman

Power but not glory

The Hawks' Dan Roundfield comes on strong—except in public recognition

Maybe it is Dan Roundfield's soft eyes and his deep, gentle voice that deceive fans and make them believe he doesn't carry a big stick for the Atlanta Hawks. Roundfield's eyes, so heavy-lidded that he sometimes looks as if he had just been sedated, don't appear the least bit menacing. The classic gaze of an NBA power forward, after all, features cold eyes insinuating pugnacious thoughts. And Roundfield's voice, a resonant bass, breaks no wineglasses in the image department. How then does he get all that respect down those deep, dark alleyways inhabited by power forwards?



Roundfield outmaneuvers Kermit Washington.

Well, they don't pay off on looks or lungs. Roundfield hasn't had any trouble impressing the players and the coaches who must face him night after night. In fact, many of them say he is fast becoming the best big forward in the league, which, of course, is a big reason why the Hawks were comfortably atop the Central Division at week's end.

With the notable exception of Elvin Hayes, power forwards have generally been underloved, overworked, and anonymous. "You look around the league," says the 6′ 8″, 205-pound Roundfield, "and how many players who play my position get any notoriety? Elvin Hayes. Maurice Lucas, when he was playing well. That's about it. But somebody's got to do the dirty work. Playing power forward is an in-between job—you're not the star of the team, but you're not the worst player, either."

Hayes has given the position a certain character because of his scoring ability, but playing power forward remains largely trenchwork, without much to offer in the way of glamour. If you don't believe it, consider that all four of the starting forwards chosen by the fans for this year's All-Star Game were small forwards. One of them, Roundfield's teammate on the Atlanta Hawks, John Drew, started for the East team primarily because of ballot-stuffing by Hawks' fans. Roundfield was selected by the Eastern Conference coaches to play in the game, and his 18 points and 13 rebounds helped keep the East in position to win in overtime. "The thing that made me mad," says Atlanta Coach Hubie Brown, who seldom needs an excuse, "is they stuff the ballot box, and they do it for the wrong guy."

Drew, with a career scoring average of 22 points a game, would have been left off the All-Star team altogether had the players selected the teams, according to a survey conducted by *The New York Times*. Drew, in fact, didn't get a single vote from his own teammates, while Roundfield was chosen by NBA players as a starter for the East. "Drew has the statistics, and he gets most of the publicity," says Portland Assistant Coach Bucky Buckwalter, "but Roundfield's the real player. He's a complete power forward. He's not a shooter like Hayes, but he's so damn strong he beats you to death. He's an intimidator inside on defense, and he does so many little things well that he seems to make their other players look better."

It is probably Roundfield's failure to dominate any one statistical category that has limited his celebrity. He averages a modest 16.5 points a game, leads the Hawks in rebounding with 10.1 an outing (Moses Malone is tops in the NBA with 15.1) and is 10th in the league in blocked shots. Brown, who acquired Roundfield from the Indiana Pacers two years ago as a free agent, has built a no-star system around players like Roundfield and Guard Eddie Johnson, who do many things well. "We can't change our style just so we can get Roundfield or Johnson 25 points a game," says Brown, "but if Danny became a free agent today, there would be 21 teams trying to get him."

People weren't always trying to get Roundfield to play basketball for them, however. He grew up in Detroit thinking he was going to be a baseball hero and didn't even begin to play organized basketball until the 11th grade. "My first year was a total wipeout," says Roundfield. "We lost every single game. I was the shortest center in our division, and we got killed every time." By his senior year at Chadsey High School, Roundfield's game was improving, but he was often overshadowed by a couple of other future stars from the Detroit area—Campy Russell and James McElroy, both now in the NBA with Cleveland and Atlanta respectively.

Only six or seven colleges bothered to recruit Roundfield, but he chose none of them, electing instead to go to Central Michigan after his parents urged him to apply for a basketball scholarship. Had his parents been less persuasive, Roundfield would probably be a bank teller today. Come to think of it, he *is* a bank teller today, working at the Fulton Fed-

continued

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eral Savings & Loan in Atlanta during the off-season.

Roundfield wound up leading Central Michigan to a 1975 Mid-American Conference title and impressed pro scouts by blocking eight shots in a loss to Kentucky in the NCAA Mideast Regional that year. He was drafted in the first round by Indiana, then in the ABA, for whom he sat on the bench most of his rookie season. Roundfield had always been a great leaper, but he wasn't prepared for one experience. "My second year with the Pacers, Len Elmore got hurt," says Roundfield, "and I started 61 games for them at center. That was the first year of the merger, so I had to go up against guys like Bob Lanier, Bill Walton and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. I learned a lot that year. I was quick enough to stay with those guys, but I wasn't big enough to really do battle with them. I had to get by on quickness and jumping ability, which didn't do me any good most of the time because those big guys would just push me out of the way."

Getting pushed around has always been a problem for Roundfield. He had his two front teeth knocked out by an elbow when he was in college, and during his first two seasons as a pro he missed 42 games because he broke his right wrist four times: once it was stepped on, twice he fell on it and once he slid into a press table while diving for a ball. Now he tapes both wrists so heavily to prevent more fractures that he looks as if he is wearing the world's biggest wristbands.

Lately, Roundfield has had to play with a torn muscle in his lower back. "He's had the injury eight weeks, and he hasn't missed a practice or a game," says Brown. Two Sundays ago Roundfield was in obvious pain in a game at Golden State, often clutching his hips during time-outs. Still he managed to lead the Hawks back from a 15-point deficit with just under four minutes to play, hitting an eight-foot spin shot from the baseline with 18 seconds remaining to send the game into overtime. In the extra period the Hawks found themselves down 96–95 with 27 seconds to go when Roundfield took a pass from Center Tree Rollins, flashed across the lane and threw down a savage lefthanded dunk to win the game, Atlanta's sixth victory in a row. For good measure he blocked Golden State's last shot, but by then most of the fans were on their way to the exits. Almost nobody noticed. **END**

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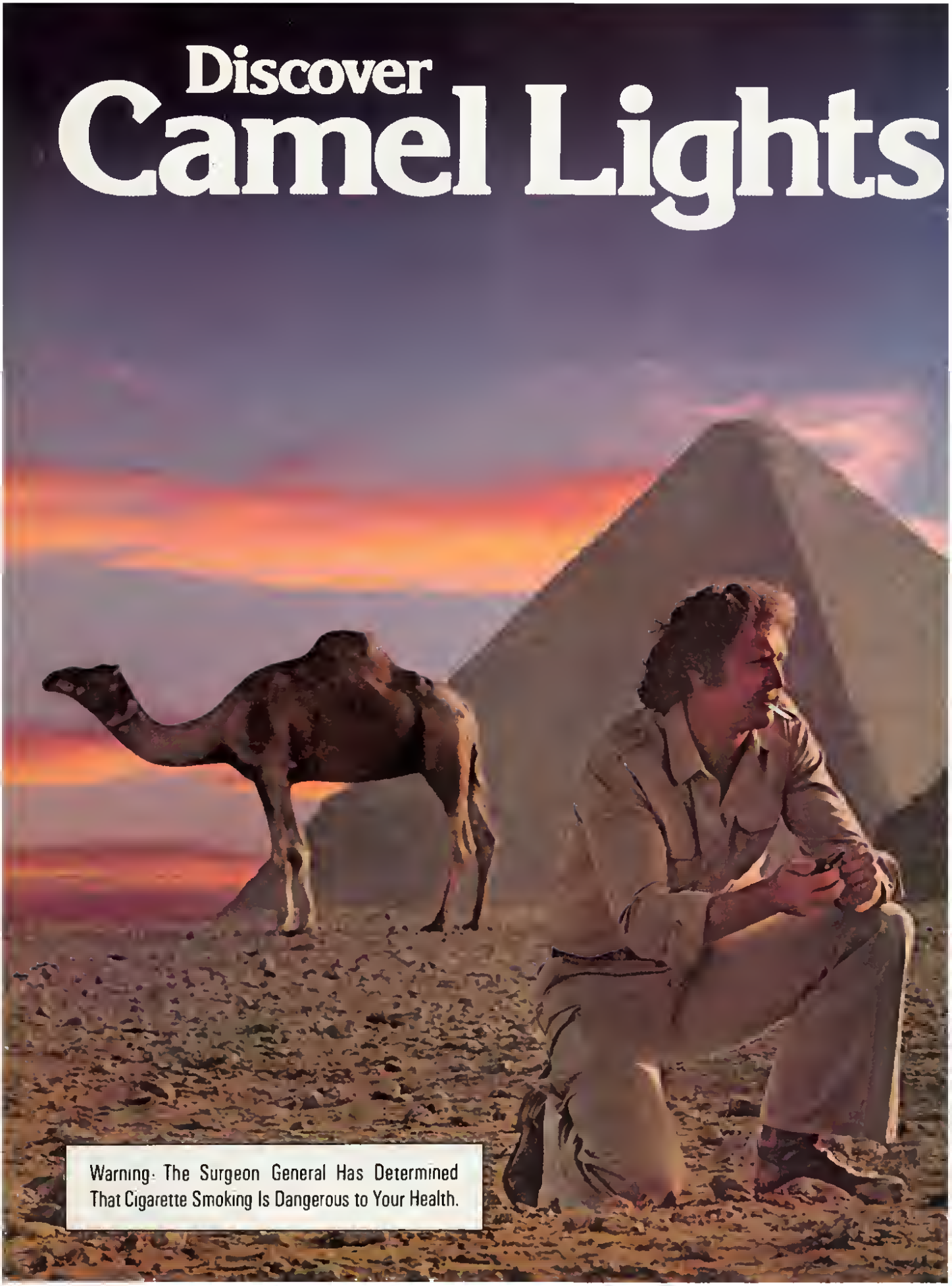
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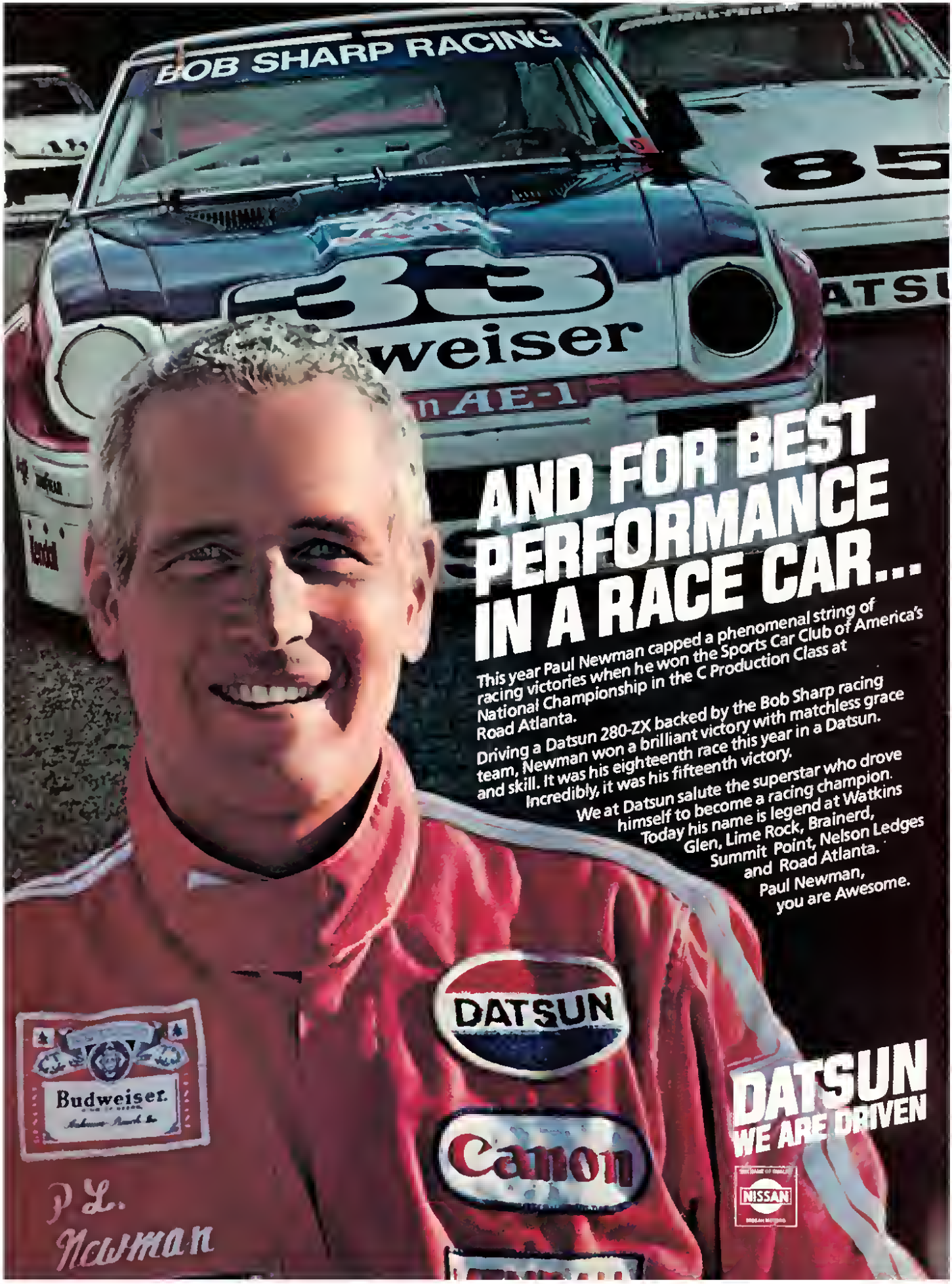
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A tale of two cities

Eamonn Coghlan won L.A., Steve Scott Houston, but Mary Decker outdid both

The plan was simple. After Eamonn Coghlan of Ireland, Dr. Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany and Steve Scott of the U.S. finished the mile in last Friday's Sunkist Invitational meet in Los Angeles, they would warm down, be driven to a waiting Lear jet and fly to Houston, there to run in a "Miracle Mile" the following afternoon at the Brooks Invitational in the Astrodome. "And then we'll all sit down and watch Mary Decker steal our thunder again," said Coghlan, whose premonitions, as we shall see, were eerily acute.

Even before the milers got on the track in L.A., the meet had been a splendid one, with Henry Rono running the fastest two-mile in the world this year (8:21.7), Mike Boit the half-mile (1:48.6) and Franklin Jacobs high jumping 7′ 6″, a 1980 American best. Rono, who married his high school sweetheart in Kenya in December and then raced like the Rono of old in New Zealand and Australia in January, misread his meet schedule and so found himself sitting in the stands five minutes before the two-mile. The start was delayed so that he might get his spikes on. Using the first mile and a half as a warmup, Rono found himself trailing Larry Lawson of the Santa Monica Track Club. Then, exploding past Lawson, he was suddenly lithe and powerful in the turns, alternately grimacing and blowing hard through pinched lips as he drove on and on. Within three laps he had an 80-yard lead. Rono covered the last half mile in 1:59 and put 11.3 seconds between himself and runner-up Jerald Jones, also of the Santa Monica TC. "I am very happy with the time," he said. "If I had been warmed up, perhaps I could have done 8:15."

Rono's countryman, Boit, followed with his sparkling victory in the 880. "Someone stepped on me at the start," he said. "I do not like that." As a remedy, Boit led wire to wire and seems to be returning to the form that made him the Montreal Olympic co-favorite at 800 meters with Cuba's Alberto Juantorena. That was before the African boycott took him out of the 1976 Games, so naturally Boit has been asked to address a lot of Rotary clubs on the subject of Olympic boycotts. "I am asked what Kenya will do," he said. "I don't know. I think we are more Westernized than we are Easternized, so we might follow you out. But it is unpleasant, always to be thinking about it and have nothing to do about it."

At one point both Jacobs and Mike Tully were doing all they could to get world records in vertical jumps. Jacobs had the high jump bar set at 7′ 8¾″, a full two feet above his head, *continued*



Four in the lineup for the Sunkist were Bayi, Cleary, Scott and Coghlan.



Kicking strongly, Coghlan came on to beat Scott (far left) by only one-tenth second.

and took one respectable try at it after consultations with at least three coaches scattered around the Sports Arena.

After winning the pole vault at 18 feet, Tully went for 18′ 6½″, a centimeter higher than the recent indoor world record of the U.S.S.R.'s 19-year-old Konstantin Volkov. He missed twice and said, "My run is dying at the end. I think I could make it if I weren't exhausted." Then he ran at it again and almost surprised himself, barely scraping the bar off with his chest.

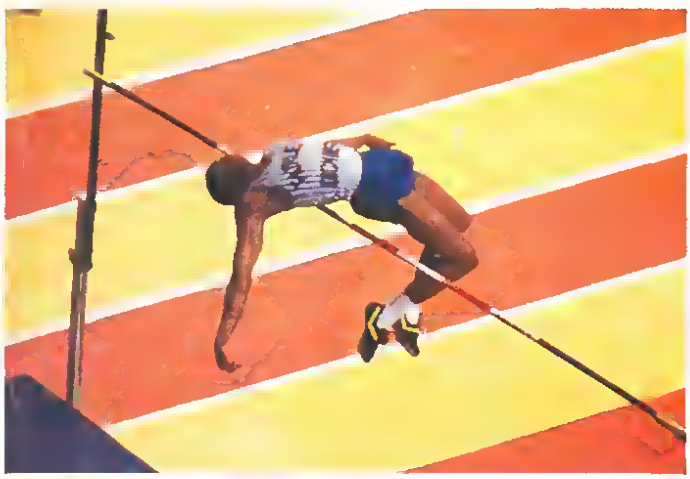


Tully really got up for the Sunkist—to 18 feet

The first half of the mile was fast and even, with Malcolm Cleary of the Santa Monica TC leading, in order, Coghlan, Tanzania's Filbert Bayi, Steve Lacy of the Angels Flight Striders, Wessinghage and Scott past the 440 in 57.8 and the 880 in 1:57.2, compared to splits of 58.5 and 1:57.0 in Coghlan's world-record run of 3:52.6 in San Diego last year. But then the rabbit, Cleary, though looking strong, abruptly stepped off the track, leaving a startled Coghlan in the lead. He looked to his right for Bayi, who indeed wanted to take the pace, but stumbled slightly before accelerating. It was a lap of the 160-yard track before Bayi could get in front. In that time Coghlan hesitated. "The pace has to be kept even," he would say later in acknowledging these as the moments when a new record was lost.

With three laps to go, Lacy charged ahead. "I felt good. I was going to take my shot. But I was worried about not having enough speed," he said. The three-quarter mile was passed in 2:57.1, and with 250 yards to run, Coghlan sprinted hard and at once proved Lacy's fears correct. Scott then came out of fourth, and the only question over the last lap was whether he could catch Coghlan.

Scott took the last turn perfectly, going slightly wide and shooting down the slope into the straightaway. Coghlan has said after winning races, "There was more kick left had I needed it." He needed it now and, sure enough, it was there. Open-mouthed and eyes skyward, he hit the tape still a couple of feet ahead of Scott. Their times were 3:52.9 and 3:53.0, respectively, the second- and third-fastest ever run indoors, and an American record for Scott.



Jacobs cleared 7′ 6″. America's best jump so far this year

"I should have gone all out on the whole last lap," he said while Coghlan trotted a circuit or two of joyful relief. When they shook hands, Eamonn Coghlan's first words were, "Well done," and surely the commendation extended to Bayi in third with 3:54.5, his best ever indoors, and Lacy in fourth with 3:55.6. The times augmented the satisfying impression of a bravely fought, competitive race, and there this story might sensibly have ended, except for those promises to appear in Houston. Coghlan tempered his happiness with the win by imagining runners lying in wait for the morrow. "Just remember," he said. "John Walker is already asleep by now."

As scheduled, Coghlan, Scott and Wessinghage, who had placed fifth in 4:00.6, quickly got to the airport, where they learned that the jet promised by Brooks Meet Director Ron Stanko was snowed in at Boulder. "They said take a commercial flight," reported Coghlan. "One that was to leave at midnight and was delayed to 1 a.m. The clerk said even that was chancy. I decided to skip the meet. My heart was not in abusing my body." Coghlan returned to his hotel while Scott and Wessinghage kept their airport vigil. They finally took off at 2:30 and reached Houston just after 7. Wessinghage was a good sport. "Five years from now I can meet Steve Scott and say, 'Remember that night we flew to Texas?' and we'll laugh."

When Coghlan got back to his room, Stanko was on the phone from Houston. According to Coghlan, "Stanko said that 'Everything depends on you,' that the TV contract with CBS specifically stated I had to run or the coverage could be cancelled." So Coghlan slept four hours and, still in his sweat suit, caught an 8:15 a.m. plane to Houston. On board, he permitted himself a modest interruption of his usual good cheer. "I knew something like this would happen," he said over his tray of eggs and waxen hash browns, his first food in 18 hours. "The Miracle Mile: if it comes off it will be a miracle." Alighting, he was handed a message to take a taxi to his hotel because his promised limousine had been in an accident.

"Did you know *that* would happen?" he was asked.

"Yes."

"Will there be any other disasters?"

"Possibly," he said. "Very possibly."

The appeal of the Astrodome to these beleaguered milers lay in its expansive, five-laps-to-the-mile track, which had not been used for a major race in six years. The prospect of such men as Coghlan and Scott meeting New Zealand's Walker, 3:52 1-miler Craig Masback and

continued



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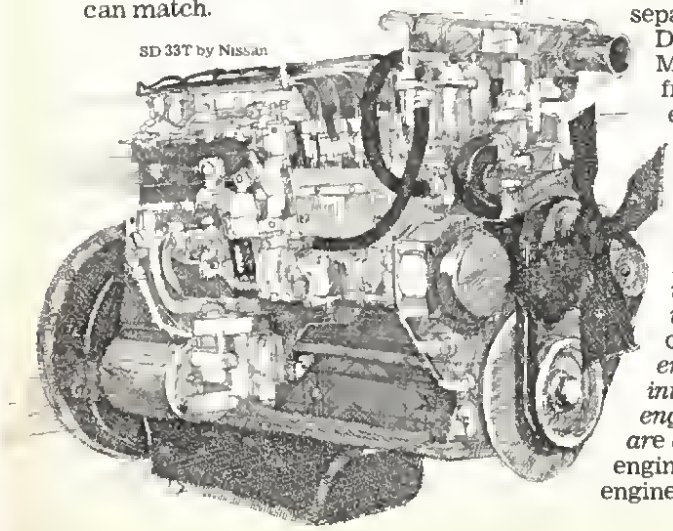
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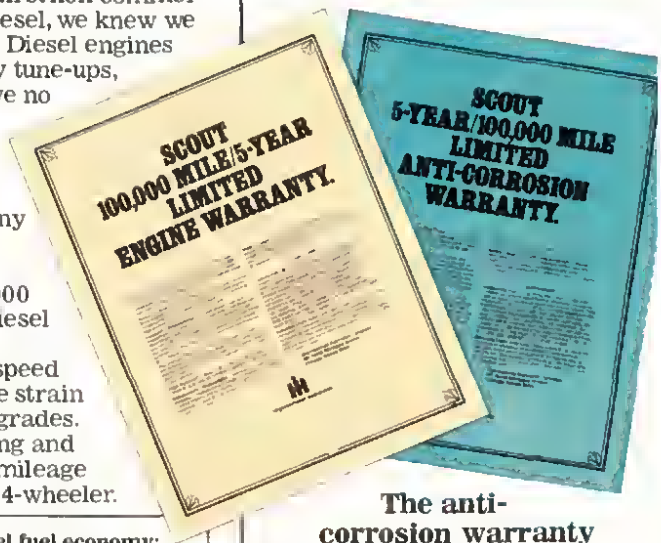
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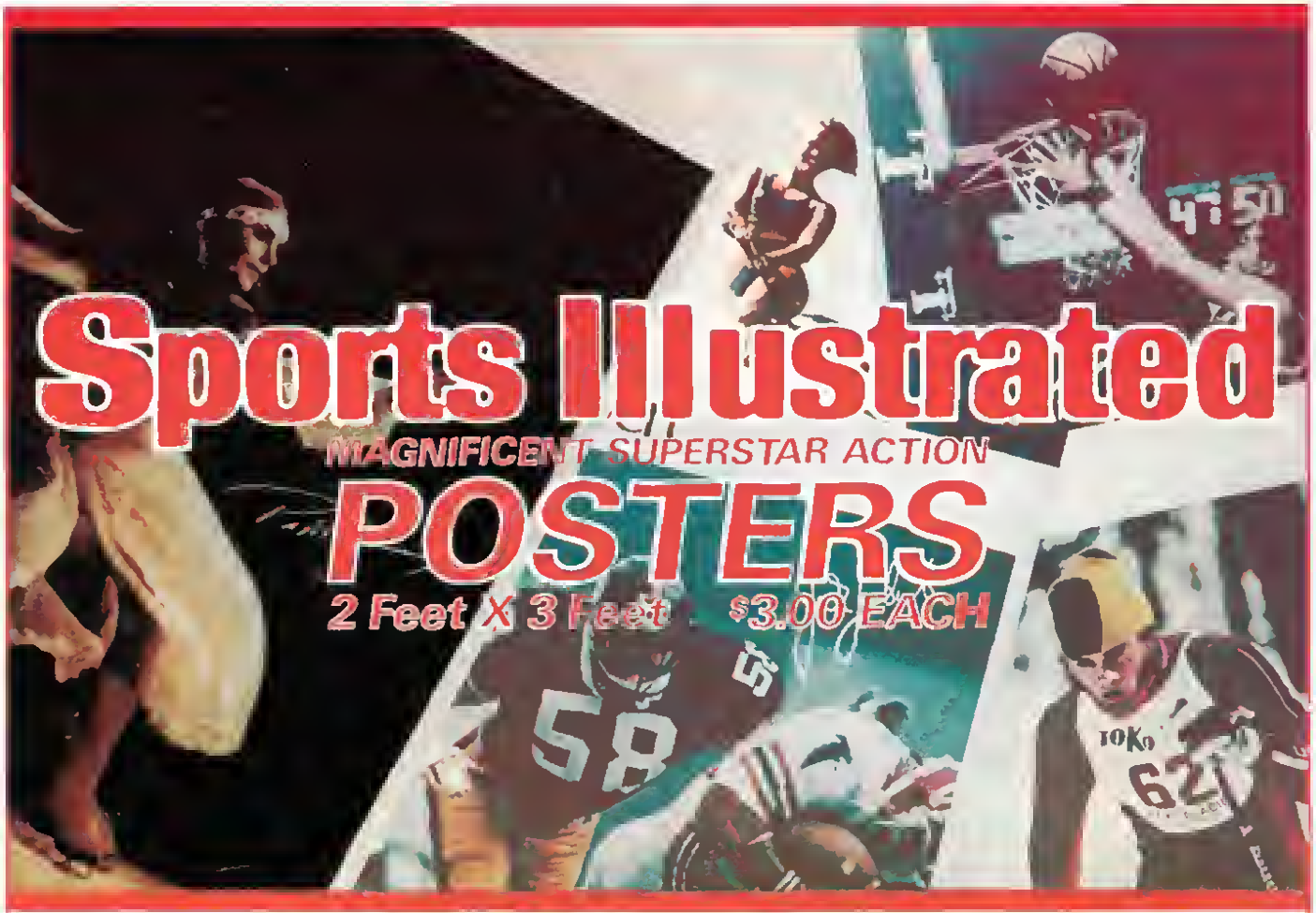
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Villanova's NCAA 800- and 1,500-meter champion Don Paige had allowed Stanko to sell CBS on televising the race, which to accommodate TV was then moved to precisely 4:48 in the afternoon, several hours before the balance of the program. Perhaps 2,000 people were on hand that early, most of them runners from the day's high school, college and Masters' races, and they filled only 20 or 30 rows along the backstretch.

While the travelers were weary, Walker had had a case of food poisoning earlier in the week and had not completely recovered. Thus, when rabbit Gene McCarthy set a pace of 58.9 and 1:58.8, only Ireland's Ray Flynn went along. Walker was at least 12 yards back in third at the half, with Coghlan, Scott and Paige trailing. In theory Houston's 352-yard track, because it is banked, should permit faster times than even a full 440-yard outdoor oval, which is flat in the turns. But in practice it had its drawbacks. "It's just not well-built," said Scott. "It's uneven and bouncy in places and dead in others. It might have been better if they'd left it in storage and marked off lines in the dirt." For his part, Wessinghage tried to run on the seams of the blue plywood.

Flynn led at the three-quarter mile in 2:58.5, but Scott went past on the last backstretch, followed quickly by Paige, who looked eager to pounce. "I thought I'd get him," said Paige. "I felt great." Off the final turn Paige drew even, but Scott fought back as Coghlan had done the night before, driving his arms low. His torso twisted with the effort, and on his face there was a fierce grin. "That was blood and guts, the last 80 yards," he would say. "Those close finishes are exciting. It almost doesn't matter who wins, it's just battle." Scott, who is seldom outleaned, won this one by a few inches in 3:54.20 to 3:54.22. Walker was third in 3:55.3; Flynn fourth in 3:56.5; Masback fifth in 3:59.5; and Coghlan seventh in 4.01.7, his first loss in an indoor mile since 1977. "I couldn't even get motivated," he said, his most dismal prediction having come to pass. Then, looking around the nearly empty stadium, he said, "People are going to be really upset tonight when they come to the meet and ask where the mile is."

But, also as Coghlan had foretold, Mary Decker would give the fans a mile to remember. "Even pace, even pace," she repeated to herself as she laced on her spikes for the race that evening. A week earlier, in a blaze of nervous excitement, she had run the first 440 in 60.8 in her world-record 1,500 in New York and had slowed near the end because of it. Now she just wanted to begin at a pace she could hold. But at the gun she left two lesser opponents standing and flew into an ever-widening lead. At the 440 her time was 60.6. "I heard that, and I told myself, 'Oh no. I did it again.' But it didn't *feel* fast," she said. She swept on, maintaining an effortless balance despite the lumpy surface. The half was 2.05.2, the three-quarter 3:12.3. The beauty of her run, a gift in this dusty space, lifted the crowd, which in turn called her into a strong sprint over the final 150 yards. She finished the mile in 4:17.6, which was 4.1 seconds better than her own outdoor world record and a gaudy 10.9 seconds faster than Francie Larrieu's indoor world record. Yet the performance qualifies in neither category, because it was not run outdoors and the Houston track is too large to be acceptable for indoor records.

Decker, however, could not generate much more than mild amusement at the frantic nit-picking of the statisticians. "All I care about is finding out what I can do," she said simply. "This is the equivalent of 1,500 meters in 3:59 or 4:00, which is what I want to be consistent at. Twice in eight days is consistent, isn't it?

"The reason I'm running so well is just that for almost a year now I've been able to train consistently. I've never done that before. My coach, Dick Quax has been my example, teaching me how to live a more measured life, to direct my energy into fewer, deeper channels."

Asked about the difficulty of the race, Decker hesitated before saying, "I don't know what to say because, honestly ..." and here her voice took on a touch of self-consciousness, "it's almost like the faster I go, the easier it becomes."

Decker can certainly run the mile far faster than 4:17.6. Understanding her training and potential as she now does, she knows this full well. Yet, because of the wisdom gained from incessant injury, she shies from saying it. Others, however, are not blind. "That woman," said Masback, "has brought the day of the female four-minute mile years closer." **END**



Decker wasn't the only one bug-eyed by her mile



After his airport vigil, Scott flew into Houston and nipped Paige

VALLEY OF THE



EAGLES

There's a big fuss brewing in Alaska over the prime habitat of our national bird. Environmentalists contend the trees may be cut from under the eagles

by **RON RAU**



TINUED



continued

Good ol' Ben Franklin had the goods on them. In 1784, in a letter to his only daughter, Mrs. Sarah Bache, he let it be known that he was not at all happy with the selection of the bald eagle as the national bird. No siree.

In a fit of anthropomorphic pique, he wrote that eagles "are of bad moral character," because they steal food from other birds. He called the bird "lazy" and also, most unkind cut of all, "a rank coward." He wrote that he would much rather have the wild turkey as the national bird.

A nation of turkeys? Now, see here, Ben.

The citizens of Haines, Alaska—the winter home of 3,500 to 4,000 bald eagles, the world's largest concentration of the species—are also saying nasty things about eagles these days. For example:

"Preservationists could use manipulation to tie up a vast area. In that case the eagles would be in real danger. People in Haines might be so frustrated they would vent their anger in a wholesale slaughter of the Haines eagles. There's no question but what these eagles can be destroyed in a very short period. It would take a platoon of army to protect those eagles"—Spokesman for the Haines Independent Business Association, as reported by the *Southeast Alaska Empire*, Dec. 4, 1978. And: "Blank them blank eagles"—Patriotic citizen, overheard in the Rip Tide Bar, Dec. 4, 1979.



Motel owner Bee Spredlin advises tourists to "look up, not down."



Lumberman John Schnabal's logging contract precipitated the furor.

What has happened in Haines is that the bald eagles, some of which winter in a relatively small local sanctuary, have become an anti-symbol for most (yes, most) of the local citizens, who number 1,500. Behind the cry of "Rally round the flag" and in true American tradition, a petition was circulated, asking that Haines "create a permanent legal defense fund by any method deemed necessary, including taxation, sale of property or otherwise, in the amount that will provide adequate legal defense on issues affecting our destiny. . . ." The petition was put in stores and local bars by a group known as the Haines Coalition, an alliance of the Alaska Miners' Association, the Haines Independent Business Association and other local groups. In the first week more than 500 adults signed—a substantial showing from a town of that size.

A letter to the editor in the local weekly, *Lynn Canal News*, from a spokesman of the Haines Coalition stated that "your signature [on the petition] symbolizes your desire to prevail over the enemies of liberty and justice, and to defend the concept of a democracy and government by the people, for the people."

Pretty heavy stuff. Confusing, too? No, downright bizarre. Perhaps a brief question-and-answer session might be of value.

Q. Who *are* these enemies of liberty and justice?

A. The people who want to save the eagle.

Q. Well then, who are these people who *might* shoot the eagles?

A. The patriots.

Q. Why would a patriot threaten to shoot an eagle?

A. Because thousands of eagles pose a threat to the American system of free enterprise.

Q. How do they pose this threat?

A. Aha! Now we're getting somewhere. You see, there was this timber sale in the valley where the eagles spend the winter, and the patriots wanted to cut down some trees and sell the logs to Japan, but the enemies of justice and liberty went to court and are trying to stop the sale, and now. . . . Well, it goes on and on.

Q. What bird would most Haines citizens nominate as the national bird?

A. The turkey.

Haines, Alaska, is situated at the northern end of Lynn Canal, a long finger of salt water and the northernmost body of water in the island-ocean-mainland conglomeration known as Southeast Alaska. (On a large-scale map, Southeast looks as though it ought to belong to Canada.) There is a theory, the Donders theory, advanced by Denny Don-

ders, a commercial fisherman well acquainted with the region, that Southeast was once a solid land mass, 100 miles wide and 300 miles long, lifted and dropped from a great height into the ocean, whereupon it shattered like a fluorescent lamp into scores of islands. Indeed, if you study a chart of the area (you travel Southeast with a nautical chart, not a map), you can see how the pieces might fit together, just as Africa seems to fit with South America, from which it may have broken off.

Like most Southeast fishing and logging villages, Haines has, or rather, *had*, a reputation for being exceedingly casual. One summer, about 10 years ago, a man lay dead inside his car for three days before the body was discovered. The car was just half a block off the main drag, within the jurisdiction of a NO PARKING sign.

From the deck of the Alaska state ferry (Southeast's Greyhound bus system), Haines looks like budget Hollywood, with fake mountains that are too steep and too high and too white and too jagged, small glaciers wedged into canyons, cliffs that angle sharply into emerald-green salt water, a little sawmill, just out of town, with a fragrant smell of wood smoke, hillside two-story houses with high-pitched roofs, white fishing boats moored in the small, picturesque harbor.

Seen from the water, Haines is a travelogue Alaska. It is a poster on the wall of your local travel agency. It is exactly what thousands of tourists who visit Alaska every summer are primed to see.

Once ashore, these same tourists are immediately disappointed. Like acne, all Alaskan settlements look better from a distance. The state's architecture ranges from Functional Rectangular to Functional Ramshackle, the reason, of course, being the necessity of survival. There is a sprinkling of buildings, usually log structures, that are both functional and pleasing to the eye. These are the ones that get photographed and put into magazines.

"I tell them to look up, not down," Bea Spradlin, manager of the Thunderbird Motel, says of her advice to disappointed tourists. Bea has lived in Haines for 10 years and has been in the motel business for four.

"Unfortunately, the eagles don't show up until November, and by then most tourists have gone home," Bea says from somewhere inside the menagerie of stuffed wild animals which threaten to crowd her out of the motel office. Silently watching the registering guests are two ptarmigan, a marten, a cub cinnamon bear, a spruce hen, a mountain goat and the head of another, a lynx head, a wolf head, a shoulder-mounted Sitka black-tailed deer and the head of another, a drake and hen mallard, an otter and the head of another, a brown bear head, a loon, and two porcupines—mother and baby—the latter qualifying as the world's smallest stuffed porcupine. If you peek into the living quarters, there are more stuffed animals. Bea does all the taxidermy herself, mostly working with road kills.

"We're 3½ days by ferry from Seattle," she says. "Even though the ferry doesn't cost much to ride, not too many people can afford the time to come up to Haines this time of year just to look at eagles. The weather ain't so great either."

She is right. It is a typical gray Southeast winter day—complete with snow (or is it rain?), slush, clouds, wind, mud, gloom. The water in the bay is the color of a gun barrel and whitecapped, the high-rise mountains on the other side are fogged in at nearly sea level.

The downtown business district, exactly one block long, demoostrates both Functional Rectangular architecture and the economic blight from which, according to many citizens, the town is suffering, The buildings along one eotire side of the main street (which is called Main Street) share a common skyline, a straight line exactly two stories high, except that Howser's Supermarket violates it by about two feet. It rises above the others and therefore, one might say, dominates the skyline on that side of the street, except on blue-sky days, when the mountains across the bay dominate everything. The buildings across the street *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HERBEN



Pro-logging leader Merrill Palmer views antis as "enemies of liberty."



Because of his unpopular stand, Folta's law practice is practically nil



continued

are similar in shape and size and are distinguishable as separate buildings. Many are boarded up, with weather-beaten plywood over the windows; faded signs in the doorways say "Closed," "For Sale" or "For Rent." More depressing are the buildings that are merely boarded over, with no hopeful signs at all. Main Street has the feel of Appalachia 1960.

One business, Jackson's Gift Shop, is symbolic of the struggle: the windows are boarded over, yet the store remains open. On one piece of plywood covering a window someone has painted a psychedelic, hard-to-read sign that may be deciphered as "Judge not a store by its cover."

The busy Pioneer Bar proclaims Haines' loyalty to the logging industry. On the wall behind the bar are four bumper stickers:

Eat a Beaver and Save a Tree

Improve the Forest—Plant a Sierra Clubber

Sierra Club—Kiss My Axe

Try Wiping with a Peanut Shell

The last is with the compliments of Alaska Women in Timber. The reference is to President Carter's signing of the Antiquities Act, which created National Monuments and Parks out of forests that otherwise could have been logged.

Last summer things were looking up for the logging industry in Haines. The local sawmill, Schnabal Lumber Co., which had been closed since 1977, received a contract from the State of Alaska to harvest an annual 10.2 million board feet for the next 15 years, with an option to renew the contract for an additional 10 years. The timber is on state land in the nearby Chilkat River valley and drainages—unfortunately for everyone, it seems, the area inhabited by the wintering eagles.



Hanson fits an eagle with a device to signal information.

One month after the contract was let, a suit was filed challenging its legality. The suit was brought by an organization of eight Southeastern conservation groups known collectively as SEACC, but funded, in this endeavor anyway, by the California-based Sierra Club. (SEACC has an annual budget of $12,000.) In addition to bringing the suit (the trial is scheduled for May), SEACC also asked for—but was refused—an injunction prohibiting any logging activities before the case is tried. Basically, the suit attacks the Alaska-Schnabal transaction on the grounds of numerous alleged illegalities in the contract. In the public eye, however, the issue is eagles.

News of the request for an injunction and the impending trial shocked the citizens of Haines. Overnight the bald eagle became a symbol not of America but of some vague and insidious force that seemed, to many citizens, totally un-American. That was when the Haines Coalition drew up the petition asking that the City of Haines enter into the suit as co-defendant with the State of Alaska and Schnabal Lumber Co. As a result, the City Council voted to do just that.

Merrill Palmer is 39 years old and has lived in Haines since 1964. He is the key spokesman for the Haines Coalition. Carrying an attaché case, he shows up at the Bamboo Room restaurant in a tan sport jacket and a print shirt with a wide, flaring collar. Palmer proved to be just as feisty as his red hair would indicate. A slightly built man with long, semi-mutton-chop sideburns and gray penetrating eyes, he was responsible for the phrase "enemies of liberty and justice" in the letter to the *Lynn Canal News*, and he is visibly flattered when I refer to him as a superpatriot. The interview ends late that night at the bar of the local American Legion Hall. "Democracy," "hard-working," "liberty," "freedom," "justice," "welfare," "Communism," "food stamps" and "pride" permeate his conversation—and seem very apropos in the Legion building.

"Over 500 people signed our petition the first week it was out," Palmer says. "Now we got over 600. These are adults, not kids. What does that tell you about community support?"

Quite a bit, one has to admit.

"Look here," he says, shuffling through the papers in the ever-present attaché case. He finally finds the one he wants. "Look here at this report from Ann Clay, our food-stamp lady. In 1976, when the mill was going, we had 25 people on food stamps. Now we got 140. And look at this. In 1976 we didn't have a single person on welfare, and now we got 44. And these people want to work. And the work is there, but we've got to fight the government and the environmentalists in order to go to work! Look here. . . ."

Facts, figures, color-coded maps emerge from the attaché case. A pocket calculator. Palmer points out that 18,000 acres have already been logged in the area. The contested sale concerns the logging of 7,650 acres over 15 years. The calculator beeps. Broken down into average acreage per year and expected board feet per acre and projected out for 25 years, the sale looks small.

"Now look," he says, producing USDA Forest Service Resource Bulletin PNW-67 titled *Timber Supply and Use in the Haines-Skagway Area*. The 44-page bulletin states that between 1965 and 1973 an annual yield of 19.5 million

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continued

board feet (mbf) came from the state land in question. It says this yield could be sustained on the basis of a 100-year rotation cycle.

"How about that?" Palmer asks. "The U.S. Forest Service says we can take 19.5 million board feet a year and all we want is 10.2 million feet. Do you think that we are asking too much?"

It would seem not.

"And another thing. They say they're worried about the river. Worried that logging would mess up the salmon beds with silt. Then how come the local fishermen's organization is behind the sale?"

With a wave of his hand Palmer dismisses the fact that the United Southeast Gill Netters Association has publicly criticized the sale.

"They don't know what's going on here. They're just playing it safe and watching out for their own interests. The guys who live here know where the timber is going to be cut, and they think it's O.K."

Outraged by the facts and figures he has produced, Palmer points to the large American flag on the wall of the Legion Hall.

"Right there is what's at stake. This country is being denied the right to develop its natural resources. We're just one little red-neck community, but this thing is going on all over the country. These environmentalists, this minority, either through design or ignorance, is going to bring this country to its knees. SEACC is using the eagle symbol against the very thing for which it stands. Don't give me that crap that we're going to log all the trees out from under the eagles."

After this, the big room is ghostly quiet. Outside there is a cold drizzle and the street lights reflect off the wet pavement. The concrete glistens, but the buildings are dark and empty. A lone figure, an unemployed logger, walks up the sidewalk toward the only lighted window, that of the Pioneer Bar. He doesn't make it. A gargantuan eagle swoops down, clasps him in its talons and carries him silently into the night.

John Schnabal, 60, president of Schnabal Lumber, is easily the most influential man in Haines. There are those who say he "runs the town," an exaggeration of course, but one can imagine the power a man of his stature—owner of Haines' largest private industry by far—might have. After all, nearly 600 adults in a town of 1,500 *did* sign a petition asking the city to raise their taxes if it would help keep Schnabal Lumber in business.

Because of a lack of logs, the mill had been closed for nearly two years before last September, when Schnabal acquired seven or eight log rafts from Ketchikan, some 300 miles down the coast. These would keep the mill open for four or five months until logs from the local timber sale became available. That was the plan, anyway.

Schnabal came to Haines in 1939 and worked summers in the woods. After the war he returned to Haines and has lived there ever since. In the early '50s he ran a 40-unit motel, which failed. Then he returned to logging and for some time cut lumber for the local market. In 1962 Schnabal Lumber began exporting "primary manufactured" logs to Japan. These are called "cants" and need only be squared off on two sides. The mill burned out in 1961 and was rebuilt; in 1965 it was redesigned so that 30 mbf were required annually to show a reasonable profit. Many people claim that Schnabal had overextended his business.

John Schnabal's company offices are housed inside a structure, clearly Functional Rectangular (resembling two very large house trailers gutted and stacked on top of each other), located among boulders and gravel on a hillside clearing overlooking the mill. Schnabal is as unpretentious as the company office building; low-keyed, matter-of-fact, cordial, likable. A missing finger attests to his trade. There is a sense of modesty tempered with a quiet strength within the man, which goes far to explain the overwhelming support he enjoys from the citizens of Haines. He is quick to point out that his is the second signature on a petition directed to the state legislature which resulted in the estab-

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Eagles, gulls and ravens feast on spawning salmon



Haines has a postcard look—if one doesn't look too closely

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continued

lishment of the present eagle critical habitat area, but he does not mention that this sanctuary is less than 4% of the size proposed by U.S. Fish & Wildlife biologists.

Because the disputed sale is for 10.2 mbf, and he claims to need a minimum of 30 mbf to show a reasonable profit, where will the remaining logs come from?

"There are roughly 130 million board feet available annually from the Tongass National Forest for small purchasers like myself," Schnabal says. "I'm hoping we can get the other logs from this source."

The contract calls for the cutting of some cottonwood, a tree that grows only along the river banks and is used by the eagles for hunting perches.

"We don't even want the cottonwood," Schnabal says. "The contract states that we must cut them in certain areas to hasten the replanting process. Right now, we don't even have a market for them. We ran into this situation once before in the valley a few years ago. The state insisted we cut the peninsula at the confluence of the Kelsall River and Nataga Creek. We thought the area was too pretty to cut, but we had to do it or be in violation of the contract."

One Haines resident of five years had said that he recognized only a dozen men out of the entire crew of 52 working at the mill.

"That very well could be," Schnabal says. "When we resumed operations in September, we had to recall the men who worked for us before. It's a union regulation. At full capacity we'll employ 65-70 in the mill, another 30 in the woods, and 40 longshoremen whenever we load a ship."

How about the lawsuit?

"The appeal for an injunction was a delaying tactic designed to close the mill. I repeatedly stated that we would have had to shut down shortly after the first of the year if we couldn't start cutting on this contract. The thing that bothers me most is that this entire matter was initiated by the Sierra Club out of California. The lawyers are paid by the Sierra Club, and they're using SEACC as a stalking horse."

Only while discussing the Sierra Club and Government bureaucracy does his voice reveal a little anger. Schnabal displays the impressive amount of paperwork it takes to cut a single tree. He shrugs his shoulders and drops the bundle on his desk.

To publicize his position, Schnabal had taken a large ad in the *Southeast Alaska Empire*, the Juneau newspaper—a plea for support directed to "Fellow Alaskans." The ad claimed that out of 127,000 acres of state land classified as Commercial Forest Area, Schnabal wanted to log only 54,000, or less than 50%. Both the Forest Service booklet and the Haines-Skagway Land Use Plan listed only 84,000 acres of Commercial Forest Land. Schnabal later admitted that the figure 127,000 was a "mistake." When asked where the erroneous figure came from, he replied, "From the Government."

Warren Price is a former president of the local longshoreman's union, a group definitely behind the timber sale. Price, 53, born in Haines, father of eight, has had to leave town the greater part of the last two years to work in Ketchikan because of a shortage of ships in Haines. Yet even with a timber sale of 10.2 mbf per year, which Schnabal says is the minimum for profitable operations, longshoremen would still be forced to leave Haines and work in Ketchikan or elsewhere to get enough hours to receive union benefits.

Finally, these words from possibly the only neutral person in town—he doesn't care if the logging sale goes through or not: "I don't see what all the fuss is about. This always happens to Haines. The mill closes and the workers go back to Oregon. It opens again and they come back. What is so different this time?"

Through the window in the Schnabal office you can see the blue-green water of Lutak Inlet, contained on the far side by handsome mountains. Suddenly the bay is chockfull of boats—fishing boats, yachts, cruise ships, ferries, dinghies, canoes, kayaks. They are mostly from California. People leap from boat to boat, gain the shore and run into the woods, each person chaining himself to a tree until every tree in the valley has a guardian. The loggers look to Schnabal, who shakes his head in disbelief and phones his lawyers.

The way to the eagles is to go "out the road," the only road out of town, the one that crosses the Canadian border 42 miles out and then intersects with the Alcan Highway 159 miles out. Remote it may be, but Haines is plugged into the North American highway system. You can drive there from Des Moines.

The two-lane blacktop winds gradually up the Chilkat River valley from sea level. Rugged mountains are close at hand, so high and steep and near that you must slide down in the car seat to view the peaks. On the other side is the river valley, two to three miles wide, and cutting through this tree-filled valley is the river, which is full of brownish-gray gravel bars. Beyond the river flats is the gray-green line of the far cottonwoods; above them, on the mountainsides, the darkness of Sitka spruce and hemlock; then the purple-gray rock streaked with early winter snow, the effect resembling the upside-down root system of a tree; then the solid white mountain caps.

On either side of the blacktop are tall cottonwoods, below which grow aspen, birch, alder, assorted brush and berry bushes, and a few willows. In places, the river sloughs beside the road, cutting a smooth open avenue through the thick underbrush. There are yellow-grassed duck marshes in the river bottom, and at one turn in the road an open meadow with derelict wooden outbuildings and a large rundown corral. A yellow roadsign picturing a black horse says HORSE XING. There are 11 bullet holes in the sign, the horse having sustained a killing shot to the neck and two peripheral wounds.

Beyond the deserted horse barns, perhaps 15 miles from town, you begin seeing eagles. One, two, three at first, standing knee-deep in a slough eyeing the water for spawning salmon; two eagles sharing the same limb of a cottonwood tree; a single bird flying heavily up the road; then five, six, eight eagles in the roadside cottonwoods, and then you re-

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alize they are all around and there is no spot in the road where, if you stopped the car and got out, you would not see eagles.

Another road sign says SLIDE AREA, and as we drive out of the cottonwoods and park in an open graveled area created by, as the sign foretells, a rock slide, there is a chilling rain and the valley smells fresh. Here it is three miles wide, with a half-mile expanse of river and sandbars in front of us, swarming with birdlife—eagles, crows, ravens, mergansers, gulls. Puddle and fish ducks, small dipping birds, dot the shoreline. In the river you can see the cause of all this bird activity—the fins and swirls of spawning salmon.

Parked nearby, on a man-made gravel pad overlooking the river, is a brown and white van. Inside are Andy Hansen and Jack Hodges, Fish & Wildlife employees, and Erv Boeker, a retired Fish & Wildlife eagle specialist, who are working for the Audubon Society. The team, which is trying to determine where the winter migration comes from, has set eight snares on the gravel bar. In four days only one bird has been caught.

Hodges' title with Fish & Wildlife is Eagle Management Specialist for Southeast Alaska. During the summer he and Captain Andy tour Southeast on the *Surfbird*, a 65-foot boat assigned to eagle surveillance. Since 1969 more than 3,500 nests have been located in Southeast, half of which are active in a given year. The nests are usually within 40 yards of salt water, where the birds hunt.

There are only 35 or 40 nests in this valley, Hodges says, but in the winter the 3,500 to 4,000 eagles in the Haines area represent about 10% of the entire Alaskan eagle population. The bald eagle is not an endangered or threatened species in Alaska, but in the lower 48—which has about 5,000—it is endangered in every state except Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. There it is considered a threatened species, a slightly less alarming classification.

Hodges says that between 1917 and 1952, 128,000 eagles were bountied in Alaska because of their appetite for spawning salmon. Two eagle talons brought 50¢ until the late 1930s, $1 until the late 1940s, when "Eagle" Bill Egan (who later became governor) was instrumental in getting the Legislature to raise the bounty to $2. Apparently the bounty on eagles went up as Alaska's salmon stocks diminished. In 1952 the bounty was lifted, but it was not until 1960 that the bird was fully protected under the Bald Eagle Protection Act, a year after Alaska became a state.

"If you see them real close," says Boeker, who has been doing just that this fall, "you'll notice they prefer fish that have already spawned and are just sort of finning around on top. Sometimes they tackle a stronger fish that hasn't spawned yet and get a pretty good dunking." He chuckles. "Then you'll see them drying out on a sandbar or in a tree with their wings partially open. It's sort of comical.

"The river is the key factor. The eagle is merely an artifact of the river and the salmon. The Chilkat is unique in that, due to warm-water upwellings, or springs, portions of it stay open all winter. This accounts for the late salmon run, and because the river stays open, the birds can still fish. We're worried that excessive logging might in some way change the flow of water. You get run-off in logged areas instead of seepage, and the danger here is that without constant winter seepage, the flow of the river might be reduced to the point where it would freeze. We've also noticed that after a storm there aren't nearly as many eagles around for a day or two, so they obviously require more protection than these river cottonwoods afford. That ridge you see right across there is included in the timber sale, and we're pretty sure it's being used heavily by these birds."

"Hey, we got one," Hansen says. "Right out there."

A couple of hundred yards out, behind a big piece of driftwood on a sandbar, an eagle is flopping around and beating its wings. Hodges and Hansen take off at a run, Hodges carrying a large salmon-landing net. Fifteen minutes later they return, Hansen, coatless, with the net, Hodges with the eagle wrapped in Hansen's coat.

As if supporting Ben Franklin's assessment, the eagle is very cooperative, submissive even, during the fitting of a transmitter harness. Beak open, it turns its head spasmodically, eyeing every human movement. The look in its eye and the nature of its actions, to get shamefully anthropomorphic, are not signs of defiance or any other eagle-like trait, but something closer to shock, or confusion or—must one say it?—*fear*. Hansen thoughtfully places a red stocking cap over the bird's head. The shiny black talons, held tightly together in Boeker's hand, are long and impressive; individually, they could easily pass for black-bear claws. Upon release, the bird flies across the river, beeping back via a receiver.

From the vehicles it is only a short walk up the road to Klukwan, a Tlingit Indian village situated on a peninsula jutting out into the Chilkat. You can see the village from the slide area; discreet signs along the road proclaim the area to be part of the Tlingit reservation.

It is a walk that any human being, no matter how citified, would appreciate and remember—a walk unlike any other in the world. Eagles are everywhere in the cottonwoods and spruce, gaping and gawking as one passes below. The birds are not at all spooky, patient even to the point of sitting through a charade of stooping and throwing imaginary stones at them. They look at each other as if to say *What is wrong with that person*? Disgorged from the ferry, an 18-wheeler roars by, sending only half a dozen birds into the air. Seeing so many eagles devalues them, and after a while they seem more like vultures, perched by the hundreds in the naked cottonwood branches. Roughly half the birds are immature, nearly full-grown but having mottled black and white body feathers. It takes at least five years to produce the fully white head and tail feathers. One theory has it that most Alaskan eagles spend part of their immature years in the Haines area.

There's not much activity in the trees—occasionally a bird spreads out in the branches like a partially opened umbrella, drying out after a tussle with a salmon. There are lots of fish in the river; the birds are in Fat City. Later on, in January and February, things will be different. They'll have to hustle.

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At the river bank is a backwater lined with rotten salmon carcasses. In the calm water the fins and swirls of nearly dead fish are visible. Like an apparition, what used to be a chum salmon swims—no, passes by—upright, submerged, scabby, fungi-covered, parts of fins and the tail missing, the gills opening just once. On the other side are drag marks and a blood trail in the snow, leading out of the water where earlier that morning an eagle had scored a salmon. Beyond, there is a flurry of birdlife on the gravel bars. These are noisy, active, swarming creatures—except for the eagles. The gulls make the most noise, screaming and complaining, but occasionally one hears an eagle. It is a strange sound, like the whine of a distant power-steering unit—a feminine noise for a macho bird. It's John Wayne singing *Tiptoe Through the Tulips* in a Tiny Tim voice.

By far the prettiest call in the chorus along the river is the raven's. Melodic, resonant, sonorous. To imitate it would require a piano, an oboe and a flute. A clever bird with the highest ratio of brain-to-body weight, the raven is just as important to the culture of the totem-building Tlingits as the eagle, and it is easy to understand why. Perhaps Ben Franklin had a point.

Bill Thomas, a Tlingit Indian, is president of Klukwan, Inc., the investment arm of the village corporation, at present entrusted with about 23,000 acres and roughly $600,000 in Land Claims monies for 250 shareholders.

Thomas makes one feel good about the Indians' ability to deal with "the white-man problem." Young, articulate, athletic, handsomely goateed, with shiny brown eyes, he is an inspiring spokesman for his people. During the summer he gill-nets for salmon. Thomas says that all the people in the village favor the timber sale; it would be a good hedge against a poor fishing year. Including his own, there are eight gill-netting permits in the Klukwan village (worth $43,000 each on the open market). Fishing and Land Claims money comprise the bulk of the town's income. The timber sale would mean occasional longshoring jobs for many villagers.

What did Thomas think of the possibility of an eagle observatory being built just down the road from the village? He'd heard the talk. Basically, he thought it was a good idea, because, with the addition of a curio shop at such an observatory, it would provide a market for Tlingit arts and crafts. It could be a source of income for the older people in town. But the people definitely would not want tourist traffic in the town itself. They would have to make sure that didn't happen, he said.

The slide area was now covered with asphalt. Fourteen brightly colored Scenic-Cruiser buses were unloading tourists into the parking lot of the observatory. On the side of each bus, in black letters outlined in red, it said, Welcome to Eagleville, USA! The Tlingit curio shop was doing a brisk business and was now importing eagle trinkets from Japan. Down the road, the horse barns had been replaced by a McDonald's Hamburger Barn. Two eagles sat on the glowing arches, warming their feet.

SEACC is composed of conservation organizations from the Southeast towns of Juneau, Sitka, Petersburg, Wrangell, Ketchikan and Haines. The Haines group, Lynn Canal Conservation (LCC), is the smallest, with only about 20 active members.

Richard Folta is a lawyer, engineer and surveyor consultant, born in Juneau, family man and a Haines resident since 1970. He is seated in his cubbyhole office overlooking Main Street, above the Alaska Liquor Store. One of the first things he says is that because of his involvement with the timber sale as an environmentalist, his law practice in Haines has become a joke.

"I guess my original sin was helping to start LCC," he says in a tired voice. "And back in 1975 I represented some fishermen and conservationists out of Point Baker in a suit against Ketchikan Pulp [now the Louisiana Pacific Company]. Schnabal found out about this and, oh, sort of exposed me, you might say, in a letter to the editor. Just letting everyone know I was an environmentalist."

"An enemy of liberty and justice," his visitor ventures.

Folta laughs.

"Did you read that? What can I say? Guilty as charged, I guess. Maybe this gives you an idea of what we're up against in this town. Shortly after the letter appeared I found a window in my car broken and the lug nuts on one wheel loosened."

Could happen to anyone, of course.

Of course.

The visitor mentions that the figures he had seen concerning the overall size of the area to be logged seemed reasonable.

"It all depends on whose figures you've seen," Folta replies. "The Coalition likes to point out that the Forest Service recommendation is for a sustained yield of 19.9 million board feet annually. And the size of this sale is only 10.2 million. What they don't say is that these are measured on two different scales, the long-log scale and the short-log scale. There's a 15% discrepancy. Using the same scale, the timber sale figures at 12 million."

Still reasonable.

"Maybe so, but projected over 100 years, which is what they are doing, 89% of the commercially valuable trees in the watershed can be cut. What we are objecting to mainly is a long-term timber sale. Once the trees are committed, they are as good as gone. It would take an act of Congress to break the contract, even if they found irreparable environmental damage being done."

LCC then, if it had a choice, wouldn't oppose a smaller, short-term sale?

"You won't find anyone in LCC opposed to a certain amount of logging in this area. Schnabal is simply asking for too much. Personally, I feel for the man. He's overextended himself, he's in trouble, and he's looking for a way out."

Had Folta been subjected to any other sort of intimidation recently?

"Threatening phone calls," he says. "Mostly they sound like cranks, but this one guy who keeps after

continued

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GRAND PRIX vs. TOYOTA CELICA GT LIFTBACK AUTOMATIC

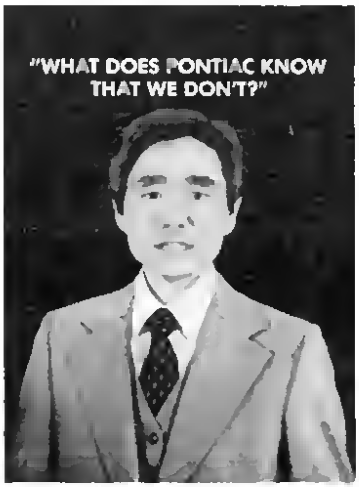
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continued

me seems serious. My kids are having a hard time in school because their last name is Folta. It's really sad what's happening in this small community."

Bruce Gilbert, 48, 15 years in Haines, commercial fisherman and owner of Haines Home Building Supply, Inc., is sleeping at the store these nights. Just in case. Last spring he and Norm Blank, another commercial fisherman, 49, a 20-year resident, had trouble getting their boats into the water. The two men in town with trailers large enough for the job refused this service to "known conservationists."

Stephan Waste, past president of LCC, says that he filed a complaint with the police, claiming his life was threatened—and that someone phoned him during an LCC meeting and said among other things, "You're going to end up dead."

Gordon Sandy, eight-year resident, obtained a diving job last summer installing fire hydrants at the boat harbor. When he showed up with his scuba gear the next morning he says he was told he couldn't be hired because "he was a conservationist."

Dave Nanny, eight-year resident, one of the more active LCC members, had the funds for his borough position as Administrator of Roads and Trails transferred to the city. The position was then "phased out."

Name Withheld, Name Withheld and Name Withheld were told that "they ought to reconsider their politics if they really liked their jobs."

At a meeting with the LCC members one snowy night six miles out of town, down a wooded lane, inside a large, comfortable home heated with wood, a few questions were cleared up, a few more created.

The food-stamp bulletin was indeed misleading, LCC members claimed. In 1976 there had been no food-stamp administrator in Haines. All applications had to be mailed to Juneau. A lot of people never bothered. Now, with an open office in town every two weeks, it was worth the trouble. Also, beginning within the last year, you no longer paid for food stamps—they were free. (A check with the State Division of Public Assistance proved this to be true. In the last 18 months food-stamp recipients in Alaska had tripled. Possibly Haines merely reflected this trend.)

Yes, LCC people said, the local fishing organization had voted to back the timber sale, but it wasn't fishermen who voted. Under the auspices of a group known as Lynn Canal Fisherman's Rights, membership fee $10, a vote was held. Usually 12 to 15 members showed up for meetings. The night of the preannounced vote, 45 people appeared, about 10 of whom were newly initiated members recruited by Haines Coalition.

The LCC members had more to say.

Haines boomed along with the Alaska Pipeline. A lot of people worked on the pipeline, and one of the lumber mills, now closed, dismantled and shipped back to Oregon, provided skids for pipeline housing structures. The boom is over, and what's happening in Haines is no different from what's happening in other pipeline towns.

The lumber in the valley is 70% rot (a fact borne out by the Forest Service) and shouldn't be cut. Sales are based on a 100-year rotation cycle, and nobody knows what will happen because it just hasn't been done before. The forests here are not like those in the rest of Southeast. They are farther north and the climate is different. The mill that moved out of town could not produce green lumber for Anchorage and Fairbanks to compete with the cost of importing kiln-dried lumber from Seattle.

And finally look at the contract. The provisions for replanting, erosion control or even stream protection and cleanup seem grossly inadequate. The state guarantees Schnabal a 17.5% allowance for profit and risk. He can even bill the state if the cost of building the logging roads goes over the value of the timber.

It is here, within the confines of the contract, that the SEACC people have their strongest argument. And that is precisely what the suit is all about. Forget about the eagles, momentarily.

The State of Alaska, for whatever reasons—political some say—has seen fit to sell a large portion of the trees in a valley that has a history of being only marginally profitable for logging. The state has written into the contract certain guarantees that assure the private corporation a profit, even if it must come at the taxpayer's expense.

The state's area forester, Gary L. Saupe, submitted a report in August estimating road construction costs at $1.6 million and the gross worth of the lumber to be $1.4 million for the first 18 months of operation. (He has since backed off on this estimate, but still maintains that the operation is very marginal.)

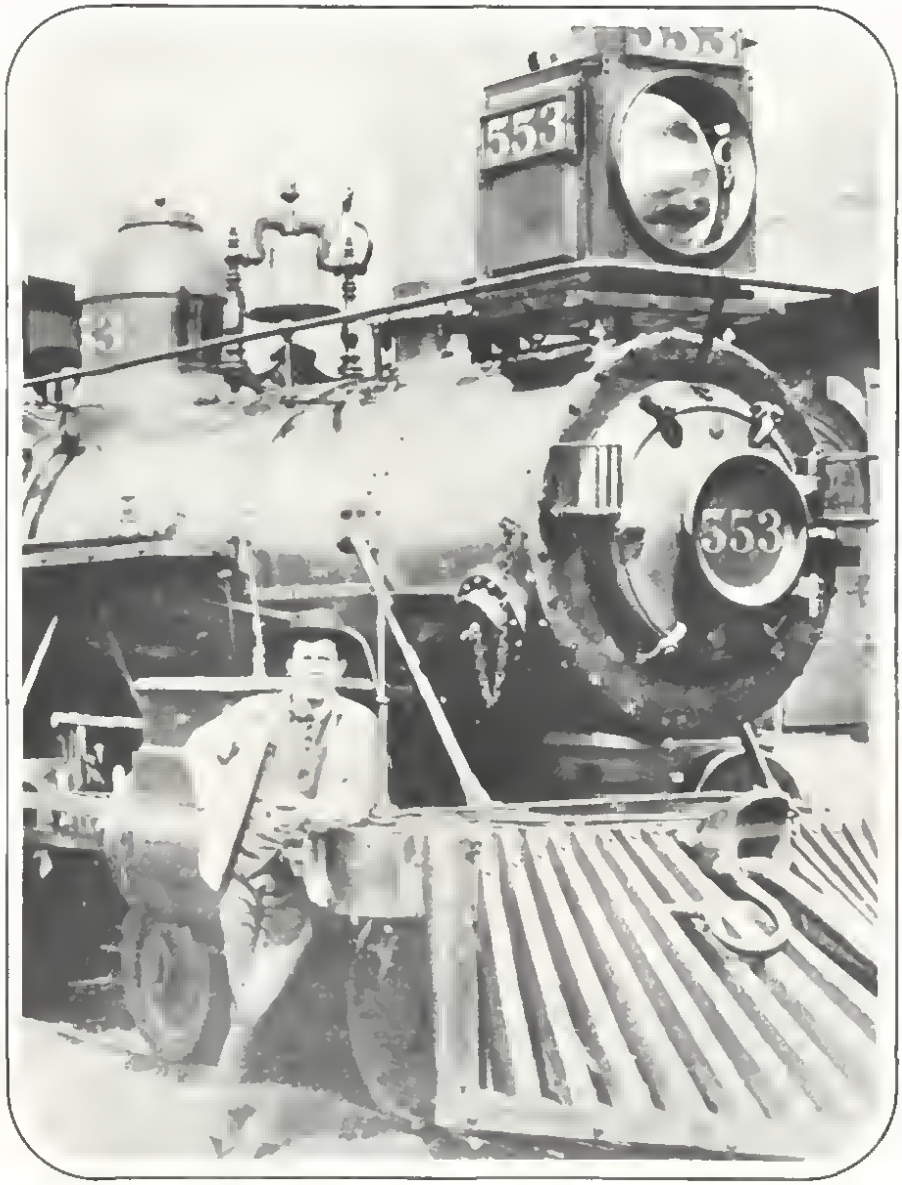
What is to be gained from marginal or deficit timber sales? In this case, if the company's cost estimates are in line, Schnabal Lumber is guaranteed a 17½% profit on the gross worth of the logs. At best, 100 workers (many of these not living in Haines at present) will gain an hourly wage. The state is supposed to make money from a timber sale—in this case a mere $3 per thousand board feet as compared to $60 to $80 charged by the Federal Government in nearby forests. (The nearby operations, incidentally, cost taxpayers $20 to $25 million per year.) But the state quite possibly will be paying the cost of sending raw lumber to Japan.

The final irony is this: claiming that the American system of free enterprise is endangered, patriotic citizens of Haines are campaigning for a government-subsidized business venture. In the valley of the eagles.

The Great Eagle in the Sky looked down upon the Tlingit village and saw the bitterness and squabbling the beautiful valley had created. Obviously, the people were not happy with it. He flew lower and lower and finally hooked His huge talons into the Chilkat River. Beating His wings mightily, He lifted the river, with the fish, and the cottonwoods beside it, and the spruce and the hemlock on the mountainsides; yea, He lifted the entire river valley from its place and flew heavily into the dark of night until He came to Western Kansas. There, on the lonely prairie, He deposited the valley and returned to the heavens. END

"We were stopped dead... 'cause Weed had traded all the railroad ties for 2 dozen oysters and a French piano."

Sean Sweeney, Gang Boss, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 11–17

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

BASKETBALL—Seattle stretched the league's longest active winning streak to seven with victories over New Jersey *(122–107), Atlanta (93–86) and Denver (93–84) to* increase its lead to two games over Los Angeles in the Pacific Division. Milwaukee, just 1½ games behind Kansas City in the Midwest, welcomed its new center, former Pistons Bob Lanier, with a 109–107 win over Phoenix. The Bucks then beat Chicago 111–101, Golden State 120–103 and Houston 114–103 to run their victory string to six. The triumph at Houston broke a Rockets streak of five wins and left them a half game behind San Antonio and 4½ behind Atlanta in the Central Division. After the Celtics beat Detroit 128–111 for their seventh victory in a row, they lost to Phoenix 135–134 on Walter Davis' two free throws with 10 seconds remaining. Boston then increased its Atlantic Division lead over Philadelphia to 1½ games with a 106–91 victory over Portland.

BOWLING—JOE HUTCHINSON, 30, of Scranton, Pa., defeated Bill Coleman of Springfield, Ore. 247–224 to win a $125,000 tournament in Peoria, Ill.

BOXING—KIM TAE SHIK of South Korea knocked out defending champion Luis Ibarra of Panama in the second round to win the WBA flyweight title, in Seoul.

DOG SHOWS—SIERRA CINNAR, a five-year-old Siberian husky owned by Kathleen Kanzler of Accokeek, Md., won best-in-show at the 104th Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in New York.

GOLF—DOT GERMAIN shot a seven-under-par 209 to *win the $100,000 S&H Golf Classic in St. Petersburg,* Fla.

HOCKEY—With wins over Los Angeles 5–2 and Winnipeg 5–1, Philadelphia kept its 10-point lead over Buffalo in the NHL overall point standings. The Sabres, who had 79 points, beat St. Louis 4–2, Detroit 4–3 and tied third-place Boston 3–3. Earlier, Buffalo's five-game unbeaten streak had ended in a 3–2 loss to Montreal, which was in fourth place as the week ended with 70 points after winning 14 of its last 17 games. Chicago, which had lost only one of nine outings, stayed hot with a 3–2 win over Pittsburgh and a 3–1 victory against the Rangers. Atlanta defeated Colorado on a hat trick by Guy Chouinard and tied Detroit and Minnesota—each a 2–2 game—to remain unbeaten in seven games. In Hartford's 5–4 triumph over Winnipeg, Gordie Howe scored his 799th career goal, and in Edmonton's 8–2 drubbing of Washington, Wayne Gretzky overshadowed a Blair MacDonald hat trick with his seven assists, which tied the NHL record set by Detroit's Billy Taylor in 1947.

MOTOR SPORTS—Finishing under a caution flag, BUDDY BAKER, 39, drove his Oldsmobile to victory in the Daytona 500, averaging 177.602 mph, a world record for a 500 *(page 58)*.

XIII WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES *(page 16)*—BIATHLON, 20 kilometers—1) ANATOLY ALABYEV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Frank Ullrich (E. Germany), 3) *Eberhard Rösch (E. Germany).*

BOBSLED, Two-man—1) ERICH SCHARER-JOSEF BENZ (Switz.), 2) Bernhard Germeshausen-Hans-Jürgen Gerhardt (E. Germany), 3) Meinhard Nehmer-Bogdan Musiol (E. Germany).

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING, 5 kilometers, Women—1) RAISA SMETANINA (U.S.S.R.), 2) Hilkka Riihivuori (Finland), 3) Kveta Jeriova (Czech.). 10 kilometers, Women—1) BARBARA PETZOLD (E. Germany), 2) Hilkka Riihivuori (Finland), 3) Helena Takalo (Finland). 15 kilometers, Men—1) THOMAS WASSBERG (Sweden), 2) Juha Mieto (Finland), 3) Ove Aunli (Norway). 30 kilometers, Men—1) NIKOLAI ZIMYATOV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Vasili Rochev (U.S.S.R.), 3) Ivan Lebanov (Bulgaria).

FIGURE SKATING, Pairs—1) ALEKSANDR ZAITSEV-IRINA RODNINA (U.S.S.R.), 2) Sergei Shakrai-Marina Cherkasova (U.S.S.R.), 3) Uwe Bewersdorff-Manuela Mager (E. Germany).

LUGE, Men—1) BERNHARD GLASS (E. Germany), 2) Paul Hildgartner (Italy), 3) Anton Winkler (W. Germany). Women—1) VERA ZOLZUYA (U.S.S.R.), 2) Melitta Sollmann (E. Germany), 3) Ingrida Amantova (U.S.S.R.).

SKIING, Downhill, Men—1) LEONHARD STOCK (Austria), 2) Peter Wirnsberger (Austria), 3) Steve Podborski (Canada). Women—ANNEMARIE MOSER-PRÖLL (Austria), 2) Hanni Wenzel (Liecht.), 3) Marie-Theres Nadig (Switz.).

SKI JUMPING, 70-meter—1) ANTON INNAUER (Austria), 2) (tied) Manfred Deckert (E. Germany) and Yagi Hirokazu (Japan).

SPEED SKATING, 500 meters, Men—1) ERIC HEIDEN (U.S.A.), 2) Yevgeny Kulikov (U.S.S.R.), 3) Lieuwe De Boer (Netherlands). 500 meters, Women—1) KARIN ENKE (E. Germany), 2) Leah Poulos Mueller (U.S.A.), 3) Natalia Petruseva (U.S.S.R.). 1,000 meters, *Women—1) NATALIA PETRUSEVA (U.S.S.R.), 2)* Leah Poulos Mueller (U.S.A.), 3) Silvia Albrecht (E. Germany). 1,500 meters, Women—1) ANNIE BORCKINK (Netherlands), 2) Ria Visser (Netherlands), 3) Sabine Becker (E. Germany). 5,000 meters, Men—1) ERIC HEIDEN (U.S.A.), 2) Kai Arne Stenshjemmet (Norway), 3) Tom Erik Oxholm (Norway).

MILEPOSTS—FINED By University of Oregon President William B. Boyd, six coaches, including head football coach RICH BROOKS, four of his assistants and swimming coach RICH SCHLEICHER, a reported $9,000 as a result of an investigation revealing that last year several Oregon football players and a swimmer had obtained phony academic credits.

INDICTED By a Federal Grand Jury in Albuquerque, N.M., former New Mexico basketball Coach NORM ELLENBERGER and Assistant Coach JOHN WHISENANT on charges of mail fraud and racketeering in connection with the falsification of junior-college transcripts of Lobo players *(page 11)*.

OVERTURNED By the five-member Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court, a ruling by Justice Norman Harvey of the State Supreme Court that Liang Ren-Guay, a Taiwanese skier, had the right to march under the flag of the Republic of China and use its national anthem at the Winter Olympics. With that decision, the 18-member Taiwanese team withdrew from the Lake Placid Games rather than accept an *International Olympic Committee ruling that would have* required the Taiwanese to march under the Chinese Taipei Olympic Committee flag.

PLEADED GUILTY In U.S. District Court in Harrisburg, Pa., Jockey LARRY REYNOLDS of Blackfoot, Idaho, to one count of conspiracy to fix races at Pocono Downs in 1974. Reynolds is the third jockey to plead guilty to charges involving fixing at that track.

TRADED By the New Jersey Nets, Center RICH KELLEY, 26, to the Phoenix Suns for two draft picks and an undisclosed sum. By the Cleveland Cavaliers, Guard BUTCH LEE, 23, to Los Angeles for Forward DON FORD, 27. Earlier in the week the Lakers had sent rookie Guard OLIVER MACK, 22, to Chicago for third-year Forward MARK LANDSBERGER, 24.

By the San Diego Padres, former Cy Young award-winning (1972 and 1978) righthander GAYLORD PERRY, 41, and two minor leaguers to the Texas Rangers for First Baseman WILLIE MONTANEZ, 31, a three-time .300 hitter. The Padres also sent lefthanded Pitcher BOB OWCHINKO, 25, and Outfielder JIM WILHELM, 27, to Cleveland for Outfielder JERRY MUMPHREY, 27.

WAIVED By the Indiana Pacers, three-time All-Star Guard PHIL CHENIER, 29, whose play had been hampered by a lower back injury for the last three seasons and who shot only .385 in 23 games this season.

DIED Dr. JOHN MARSHALL, 43, *team orthopedist* for the New York Giants, consultant to the U.S. ski team and a prominent practitioner of sports medicine, in a crash of a private plane en route to the Olympics, near Saranac Lake, N.Y.

LAWRENCE M. (Biff) JONES, 84, former football coach at Army (1926-29), where he was team captain in 1917, Louisiana State (1932-34), Oklahoma (1935-36) and Nebraska (1937-41), in Washington, D.C. He had a career record of 87–33–15.

CREDITS

4—Enrico Ferorelli. 16, 17—Bill Eppridge. 18, 19—Pat Gardner/TIME (bottom center); Eric Schwaikardt (right center); George Tiedamann (top right); Jarry Cooke (2). 20—George Tiedemann. 21—Hainz Kluetmeier. 22—Hubert Schriebel. 23—Bill Eppridge (top); Jerry Cooke. 24, 25—Hainz Kluetmeier. 26—Eric Schweikardt. 31—George Tiedemann. 32, 33—Bill Eppridge. 34—Jarry Cooke. 35—Eric Schwaikardt (left); John Iacono/TIME. 36—Enrico Ferorelli. 48—Jerry Wachter. 58, 61—Thomas Rampy. 62—Brian Lanker. 69, 70—Richard Mackson. 75—Manny Millan. 83—William Holdar (3).

FACES IN THE CROWD



JENNIFER MINKUS
UPPER SADDLE RIVER, N.J.

Jennifer, a 9-year-old midfielder on the Upper Saddle River girls' age-7-to-9 soccer team, had 50 goals and 15 assists in leading the Minnows to a 9–0 record and the Northwest Bergen County Soccer Association co-championship.



EDOARDO ALVAREZ
MEXICO CITY

Edgardo, an 18-year-old college student, defeated Brad Desaulniers of Montreal 15–6, 17–15, 15–13 to win the U.S. 18-and-under national squash racquets tournament in Philadelphia. He is Mexico's No. 1 amateur player.



KRISTY STARK
CUSTER, MICH.

Kristy, 17, a 5'4" guard at Mason County Eastern High, scored 1,779 points in her basketball career to establish a Michigan girls' record. The old mark of 1,762 was set last year by Evelyn Johnson of Lansing Everett High, sister of the Lakers' Magic.



JIM HIGGINS
WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Higgins, 32, the swimming coach at Bishop Hoban High, has guided his team to 105 straight Wyoming Valley Conference dual-meet victories and seven straight District II titles. His teams have not lost a league meet since 1973.



ROBIN PACHOLDER
DALLAS

Robin, a seventh-grader at Lake Highlands Junior High, topped off her first year of cross-country competition by running the AAU 10-to-11 age-group Nationals in Raleigh, N.C. with a winning time of 8:31.4 for the 1½-mile course.



LAYNE FROEHLICH
EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

Froehlich, 22, a junior at Wisconsin-Eau Claire, set a state record by hoisting a total of 1,205 pounds at the Wisconsin Junior Powerlift Championships in Milwaukee. He bench-pressed 300 pounds, squatted 405 and deadlifted 500.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OLYMPIANS

Sir:

I was immediately taken by the cover of your Winter Olympic Preview Issue (Feb. 11). Heinz Kluetmeier's shot of Eric Heiden is superb! It is the complete embodiment of what the Olympic athlete represents: graceful determination, flawless form and active physical power. I have never before seen a photograph that so smoothly captures the golden essence of an Olympic athlete.

CHERYL A. KEPNER
Altoona, Pa.

Sir:

I must say your Feb. 4 cover photograph of Christie Brinkley brought a sparkle to the men's eyes. But thank you for following up with a picture of Eric Heiden. There's something about Eric's determined face and muscular appearance in that sleek, gold uniform. Let's hope Eric & Co. can win and keep the gold here where it belongs.

LIZ FLORES
Chicago

Sir:

As an avid football, basketball and baseball fan, I had never appreciated the tremendous athletic ability a speed skater possesses. I hope all SI readers realize that Terry Bradshaw, Willie Stargell and Darryl Dawkins have nothing on Eric Heiden. Thank you for opening my eyes to one of America's best.

STEVE SCHWERIN
Neenah, Wis.

Sir:

Magnifique! What more can I say about John G. Zimmerman's photograph of World Champion Pair Skaters Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia? Rarely have I seen a picture that catches the fire and passion of skating. In a world of contrived poses and staged stunts, this was a breath of fresh air.

WAYNE A. WOLVERTON
Reston, Va.

DDWNHILL

Sir:

My hat's off to William Oscar Johnson for his article on the Olympic downhill (*The Downhill: Majesty and Madness*, Feb. 11). Although I'm a moderate Sunday-style skier at best, after reading the article I feel as though I've just completed the run. I'll probably go out next week and break a leg.

My sincere thanks to SI and Johnson for giving the commonplace skier an inside look. Now when I watch the downhill, I'll be able to "feel" with the racers.

BOB MANSHIP
White Bear Lake, Minn.

Sir:

Your chilling article on downhill skiing illustrates the win-at-all-cost philosophy of modern athletics. There will surely be some who will contrast this with the view of Baron Pierre de Coubertin that the important thing was not to win but to take part. These same people may also believe that de Coubertin's view represents the ancient Greek attitude.

Here is what the fifth-century B.C. poet Pindar had to say about the losers in the wrestling for boys at the Pythian Games in Delphi: "For them [the losers] no happy homecoming was decreed, as there was for you [the victor], and as they returned to their mothers no sweet laughter brought pleasure, but they crept through the back streets, avoiding their enemies, crushed by their misfortune." Winning was all, second and third places are seldom mentioned.

This will to win was still strong in the second century A.D., 700 years later. Here is the grave inscription of a certain Agathos Daimon: "He died here [at Olympia] boxing in the stadium, having prayed to Zeus for the crown [of victory] or death."

WALDO E. SWEET
Professor of Latin
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE ADIRDNDACKS

Sir:

I just finished reading your article on New York's Adirondack Park ("*No Landscape More Brightly Gemmed*," Jan. 28), and it was as moving a piece as any I've read in this Olympic year. A beautiful article with a bitter end. Thanks to Robert H. Boyle for his exposure of Dr. Anne LaBastille's studies of the effects of acid precipitation. The dangers suggested are very real and very disturbing.

JIM RUTHERFORD
Stamford, Conn.

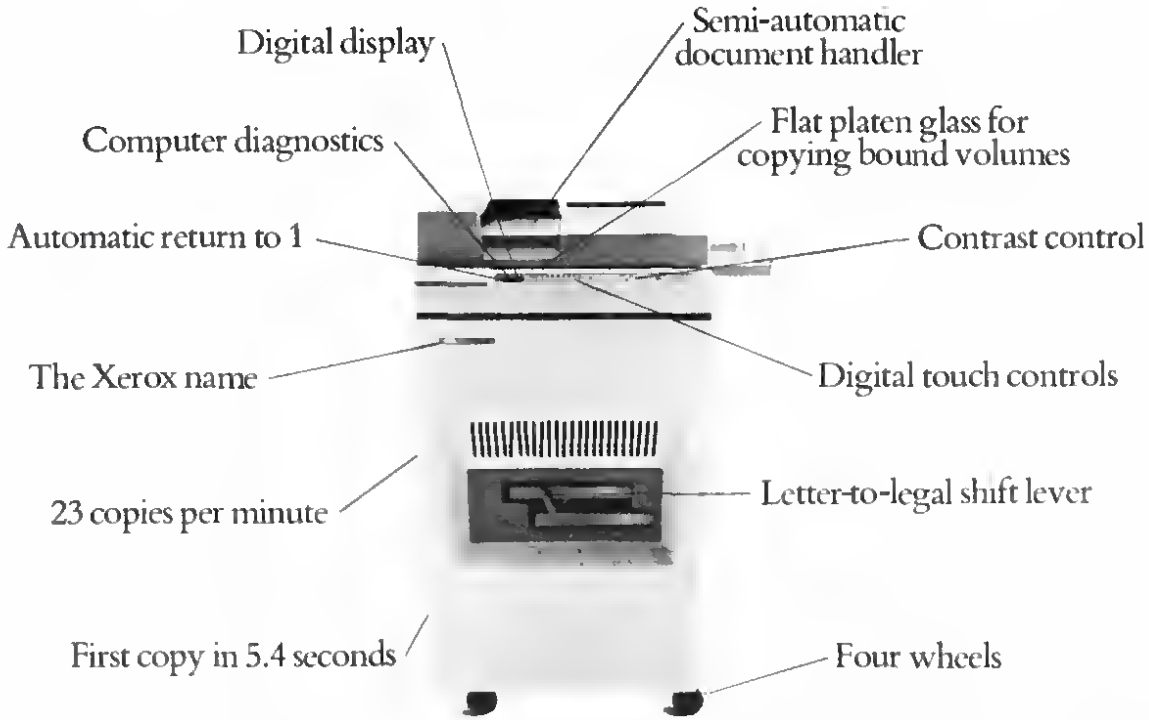
Sir:

In reference to your article on the Adirondacks, the author would have us believe that the Park is "our best-kept secret." Anyone who has climbed the high peaks in the summer would scoff at such a statement. In a single day I have encountered up to 70 people on trails to such congested areas as Lake Colden and more than 100 people on the top of Mt. Marcy and the rest of the Great Range. These precious Alpine areas are being trampled to death. I have been backpacking there for more than two years, but from now on I'm going during the winter.

GREG MOLLOY
West Hartford, Conn.

continued

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Sir

As a born-again Limekilner, I think your readers may be interested to know that the chain of lakes your map referred to as "Foulton" was named after Robert Fulton of steamboat fame, who in 1811 was commissioned by the New York State Legislature to investigate the practicality of establishing a direct water route from the Hudson River to the Great Lakes via the Adirondacks. According to the late Joseph F. Grady, a historian of the region, Fulton's written and oral reports of his numerous explorations of the lakes and rivers were so "glowing" that newspaper accounts referred to the area as the "Fulton Chain of Lakes." Incidentally, and fortunately for lovers of the forever wild beauty of the region, Fulton's study concluded that the Adirondack portion of the canal planned by the state would not be practical except as a source of water supply.

CHARLES HERR
Baltimore

Sir

I read Robert Boyle's fine article with great pleasure, but I would like to suggest one small qualification. Boyle's assertion that 150 years of Iroquois foreign policy (undying "hatred of the French") was based on Champlain's shooting of two Iroquois in 1609, doesn't give the Iroquois the credit they deserve. On every occasion when war between England and France threatened, the Iroquois sided with the English only after weighing the current status of English, French and Indian relations and posing new conditions as the price of their support for the English.

GRAHAM P. HAWKS
Associate Professor of History
Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE MOSCOW GAMES (CONT.)

Sir:

I feel I must express my outrage at the International Olympic Committee (SCORECARD, Feb. 11). The IOC is an aloof and arrogant organization whose hypocritical policies and actions seem to go unnoticed in the world's eyes because of the self-effacing, holier-than-thou image IOC members have perpetuated for themselves.

I believe, like the rest of the world, that the Olympics should be nonpolitical. However, while the IOC attacks the U.S. for attempting to use the Olympics for political objectives, it simultaneously comes out with a ruling that Taiwan cannot participate in the Olympics if it uses the name Republic of China and its national flag and anthem. At least the U.S. actions are taken in the name of world peace. I have heard no legitimate reason for the recent IOC ruling on Taiwan. Taiwan has been an official member of the IOC for at least two decades. The IOC decision is blatantly political.

In the U.S. we constantly criticize our athletic organizations—for example, the NCAA. I, for one, think the actions of the IOC deserve a lot more scrutiny.

BEN BAER
Washington, D.C.

ORANGEADE

Sir:

I really enjoyed Mike DelNagro's article on the Orangemen of Syracuse (*Plenty of Juice in the Orange*, Feb. 11). They have made the NCAA playoffs more consecutive times (seven) than any other recent team except UCLA and Marquette. I hope they go all the way this year.

DAN JUDGE
Claremore, Okla.

Sir:

Mike DelNagro made the presumptuous prediction that, barring a loss to St. John's or "unless the sky falls and the rivers run dry," the Orangemen would finish the regular season at 25–1. Well, the sky did fall last Tuesday night at Manley Field House, as Craig (Big Sky) Shelton led the Georgetown Hoyas to a 52–50 victory over Syracuse. Since Georgetown has now beaten Syracuse two years in a row, you may have already figured out that Hoyas like their oranges crushed.

SHAWN FEENEY
Washington, D.C.

SIR SLAM

Sir:

I commend you on your long-awaited account of the master of the slam, Darryl Dawkins (*Now You See Him, Now You Don't*, Feb. 11). Your article is the true story of a truly good person.

I was at the game in Kansas City the night Darryl destroyed his first backboard. It was an unforgettable experience, and while I realize the danger of flying Plexiglas, I will surely never again witness such an exciting thing.

DAVID BAILEY
Stanley, Kans.

DREAD UTILITY

Sir:

Trailhounds and German shepherds don't simply lack glamour, as E. M. Swift suggests in his fine piece on the annual Westminster Kennel Club show (*Zounds! No Hounds!*, Feb. 4). They also happen to be useful, which probably accounts for their chronic failure in the WKC's best-in-show judging. The artificial standards of the WKC have produced an ideal of a mindless ornament that is good for little else but show.

Trailhound and shepherd breeders can take heart that their dogs still bear the dread taint of utility. The longer they are snubbed by the WKC elite, the better. I can't think of a single breed that didn't suffer when it caught the fancy of the WKC's fancy folks.

PHILLIP FINCH
Portland, Ore.

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